

# spare Rib

women's magazine  
No.14 August 1973  
20p

Pat Hartley talks  
about  
Hendrix & Warhol,  
abortion  
& how the  
groupies chose  
the groups.

Are children loved  
enough, too little,  
or too much?

What does feeling  
dependent  
really mean?

Extra!

Kate Millett  
interview.

Sark:  
where married women  
own no more than  
their wedding ring.

Facts about custody.

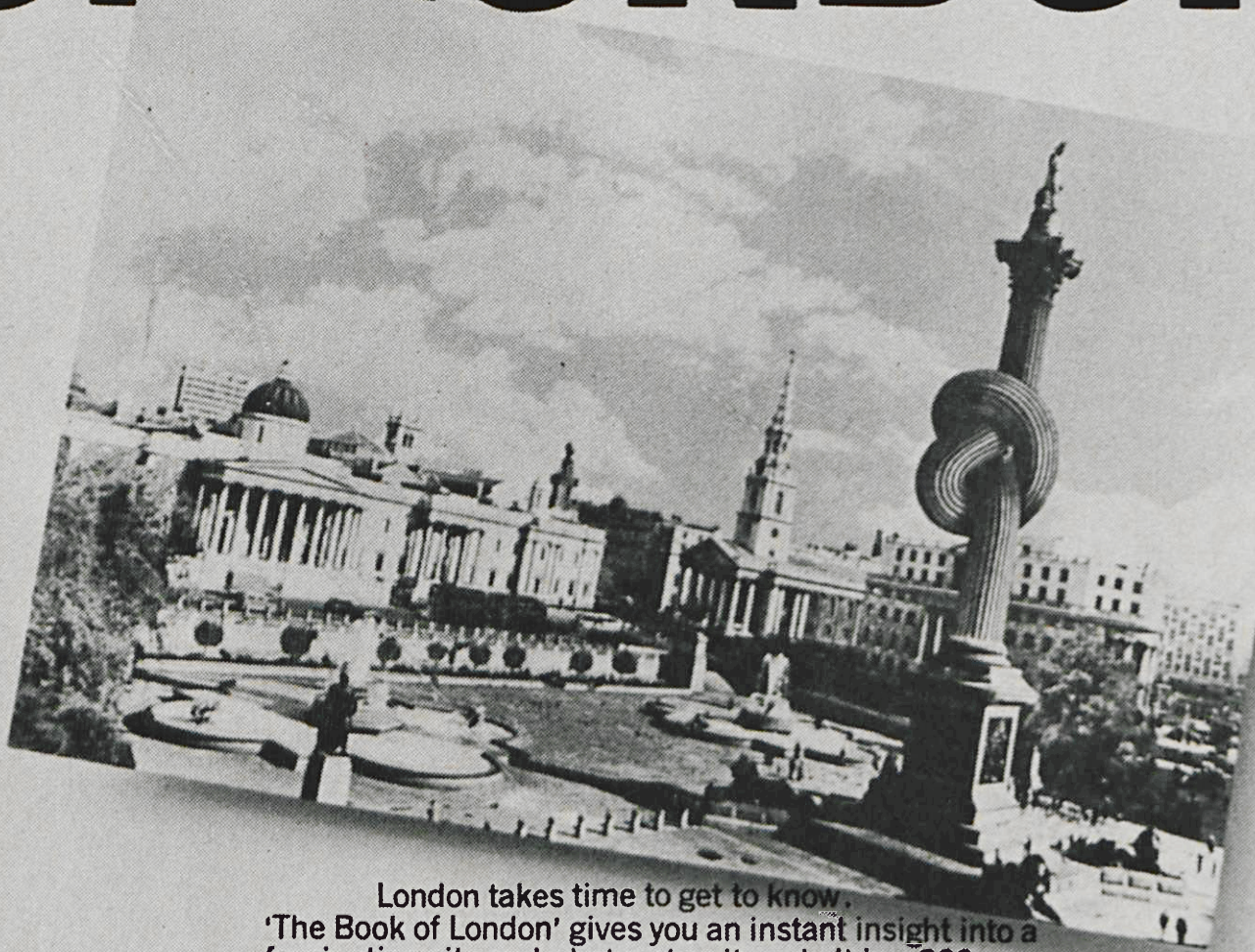
Plus:

looks, arts,  
kites, news,  
science & a new  
comic from China.





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**TimeOut**

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Dear Spare Rib,

It's great you've made your first year, I like the tone of your magazine. Women still have a long, hard fight in all fields ahead of them, and sadly many of our worst enemies are among women.

However, speaking as a middle-aged woman, I notice a very great change in attitudes, especially among younger women who are beginning to treat each other as friends and not competitors.

I threw out my first husband fifteen years ago, I managed to buy a house, put in my name because he refused to cope, poor wretch, and I brought up four children who are no more neurotic than children of so-called stable families. The greatest blessing is that we are friends and do communicate on most levels still, which seems very rare. They are now grown up and have their own establishments, all four very different life styles.

I lived on my own with the kids for four years, worked in a coffee bar and had a marvellous time finding out about real life. Finally, I settled down with the man I've been living with for the past thirteen years. It's a pretty good relationship but only because (a) The house is mine and (b) I don't put up with any of the usual male idiocies. I explained that I brought my sons up to respect women as equal and valuable human beings and to do their share of household chores and it's taken many years to convince my man that I will not wait on him or treat him as a god because he happens to be born male. It's still an uphill task as he is very conventional in some ways and all his friends are incredibly chauvinistic, but it is succeeding because I am in the happy position of being able to say to him - if you don't like it, sod off. I only wish many more women - indeed every human being - were in a similar position.

I often go into pubs on my own (I just like pubs). Of course I get chatted up but it's perfectly possible to keep things on an even basis by insisting on buying rounds like all the men and talking to them, often indirectly, about women's liberation. I am often surprised by the generous minded reaction by both very old and very young men. It's often the middle-aged ones who are bastards.

With love,  
J.R.,  
London SW13

Dear Spare Rib,

Congratulations on your first birthday I hope you have many more.

As a fellow traveller but not fully committed member of Women's Lib there are times when I become very militant.

I recently bought a car - my money and registered in my name. But when I tried to get insurance cover I found, because I happen to be married and still living with my husband, the two firms I contacted asked for any accompanying declaration from him. With the first - Commercial Union - I was so stunned I refused to have any more to do with them but since then have had enormous problems getting any one to cover me as I also suffer from a mild form of epilepsy, when the Co-op Ins. were prepared to I gritted my teeth and got him to fill in his part. As it happens he is quite happy to do this but suppose he hadn't wanted me to drive. I made several comments to the agent on this and evidently it would have been accepted from me alone if I had been divorced or widowed. As I need transport badly I haven't been too rude but do feel this is something that is ridiculous

and needs attacking.

One comment on the magazine - why the different coloured pages and overprinting? I don't think it adds anything and just makes some parts harder to read.

Yours sincerely,  
Pamela Johnson,  
Shere, Surrey

Dear Spare Rib,

Women have always been denied their own culture from birth, children are brain washed into believing that men are the only ones who are, or have been, responsible for the so-called civilisation in which we live.

However, with the re-awakening of feminism, women are discovering that this idea is only a myth.

We want to set up courses in women's studies, to make known the unrecorded achievements of women, the identities of women have always been unrecognised in fields such as art, politics, science, literature. Why? Why?

Why have the personalities of women been ignored as regards their potential?

These are some of the things that we hope to investigate by means of courses of women's studies. These courses will be initiated by women, taught by women, with women only participating. We would like all other interested women, including those with pre-school children, contact Simone, 7 Ashurst Road, London 912 9EU or Sandra, 78 Greenlanes, Moss Hall Grove, London N12.

Dear Spare Rib,

I have followed with interest your articles and follow-up correspondence regarding the sexist bias of a great deal of advertising. While being entirely in agreement with the opinions expressed I wonder if you have space in your columns for a short note on the other side of the propaganda coin. As a male I am bombarded constantly through the media by adverts for products and services which will enable me to increase my chances of being the all-alluring, jet-set, sophisticated hunk of masculinity that all the girls will fight over. I should increase my height; develop my biceps, deltoids, glide around in the latest phallic sports car, drink hard, smoke hard, and use the right pine-smelling aftershave. On top of all that I'm supposed to 'dynamise my potential', buy an executive briefcase and carry one of those matchbox size computers in the breast pocket of my lightweight Hector Powe suit.

God, mother nature, or whatever, decided to make me five feet eight inches tall, granted me dandruff and decreed that I only need to shave every other day at the age of 23. I was given an outlook which is more sympathetic to David Bowie and Charlie Brown. What a mess! I am, to the ad-manager's intents and purposes, beyond the pale. If I believed all I read I should by now be suffering inadequacy qualms and nursing a larger than life inferiority complex.

An example perhaps: Ansells brewery tells me that if someone is an 'Ansell's Bitter Man' then (1) when I shout, the ref listens, (2) all my friends are shorter than I am (3) I believe that my car should be seen and heard. The give about 200 of these magnificently unsubtle inducements.

So, perhaps you can see that we males are also subjected to a colossal amount of bullshit, somewhat equivalent to that which you have been describing. I could also mention that your own magazine carried an advert on the back of one issue that proclaimed that Sabre men's

toiletries are 'For adventurous men only'. I wasn't very happy about that, ladies.

Finally, may I say that yours is the only publication (for men or women) that I read completely, cover to cover. Keep up your very valuable work. Long may you survive and hopefully triumph.

Power to you all.

Love,  
Rob Guyton,  
Nottingham.

Dear Spare Rib,

To my previous misfortune I have only recently discovered your magazine. One becomes very wary about approaching newsagents after abortive experiments at reading magazines extensively provided (for both men and women) which have one only left with anger and disgust at the accumulated materialistic and standardised assumptions, or the alternative gimmickery and glossy band-wagonism masquerading as 'Liberal Attitudes'.

I would be very glad to see an exposé of girl's magazines like *Mirabelle*, *Valentine* also written for women by women, but as you must know for the total encouragement of moronic illusions. I may have lost my sense of proportion but after attempts to teach teenage girls, especially those now forced unwillingly to stay on an extra year at school, one no longer sees it as a joke; it becomes a bitter battle of you against *Mirabelle*, and I have yet to find an instance when she was not the eventual victor.

Value judgments do not come into it, one is well aware that the middle class educated will pour over *Donne* or *Shelley* for the same kind of escapism. And, knowing the circumstances from which the girls come and to which they must return, one does not begrudge or condemn the resorting to a sugary myth. But there is no alternative offered, no sense or presentation of the actual is allowed to slip through the sentimental impossible. The only positive result is resentment for anyone or anything attempting to criticise this one straw of elysian hope. The fact that it is printed so encouragingly is enough to give it authority; someone important and educated obviously has first hand experience of this cloudy bliss and all they have to do is wait and be beautiful and loving sweetmeats will drop in their laps. All women who oppose this (such as teacher - the old bag) are driving men, and therefore the dream, away. I do not think it is realised how vast the numbers are whose way of life is dictated and nurtured by the tyranny of these kinds of magazines, which are at the best useless at the worst cruel.

Having seen the results at the reading level I would be very interested to know what goes on in the editorial offices of the myth-mongers - to know exactly what these women 'writers' imagine they are doing. At times of greatest stress in the aforementioned battles one is convinced that nothing short of a campaign will prevent the damage from continuing. When it has been dealt with previously it has always been as a patronising poking around at one of the numerous interesting lower class phenomena, "and-are-nt-we-glad-we-don't-suffer-from-it" But, until something is done to strike at these roots of influence, liberation will still remain yet another middle class prerogative, and you will remain as different from the *Mirabelle* readers as they imagine they are from the heroic man.

Yours faithfully  
M.L. Charles  
(address supplied but lost)



# ELLEN'S DIARY

## March 1969

David keeps telling me we ought to have another child before Katie gets too old - as a playmate. I agree with him really. I don't think only children are particularly happy. But I don't feel like having another baby just yet: I feel there are other things that I want to do apart from having children, even if I don't know what they are as yet. The proof reading I've been doing for the publishing firm brings in a little money, but the satisfaction and sense of autonomy I get from it is meagre. I'd like to do something quite unrelated to the home and David and Katie. If only I knew what, and how I could do it with a baby to look after all the time.

## April

We have had nothing but rows for the last few weeks. Today we had a terrible one. It started because David got up two hours after me and read the paper all morning while I looked after Katie, washed up, did the shopping and the washing, cleaned the kitchen, all the time getting increasingly irritable. I finally couldn't stand it any longer and screamed at him to do something to help. He told me to shut up and stop behaving like his mother, and why the hell didn't I sit down and read the paper too. It would do me a lot of good if I did. I got more and more furious and inarticulate with rage and confusion, and started to hit him hysterically. He called me a bloody bitch and went out and slammed the door. I haven't seen him all day. I don't know what to think now. At times I feel maybe he is right: I am frittering away my time in a state of mental emptiness. But at the same time I feel psychologically and physically trapped by my situation. And he never lifts a finger to help, except a token wash-up now and then. I feel exhausted with crying.

## June

It seems that I'm pregnant again. I suppose that I eventually gave into the idea it was necessary and just let it happen. It's funny, I don't feel excited about it like I did last time. I'll just be glad when it's over.

## June later

The days are slipping by. I'm enjoying the sunshine and spending a lot of time in parks and on the Heath with Katie. But

I feel very restless.

David is out most days teaching, and he spends the rest of the time working for the newspaper. I feel jealous of the fact that he has found something interesting and fulfilling to do and is surrounded by stimulating people. No wonder he's never in a hurry to get home.

## July

I've just been talking to David on the phone. He says that a Women's Liberation group has started in London, and that they hold weekly meetings in North London. He said that it sounded just like what I needed and why didn't I go? I said I'd think about it. My reactions are confused. On the one hand I feel curious and vaguely excited by it, but at the same time I feel annoyed that David knows about it through his contacts and his friends, and a bit too threatened to respond immediately to things he suggests.

## August

Last night I plucked up courage and went to a Women's Liberation meeting. David was very pleased when I said I'd decided to go, and came home specially early from a meeting so that he could baby sit. I was secretly irritated by his enthusiasm about my going, and I pretended to be rather bored and sceptical about it. Sitting on the bus I felt incredibly nervous, with a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach, as though I was going to take an exam or something. The meeting was being held in the flat of an American girl called Sue. She answered the door and showed me into her sitting room where there was a group of about eight women sitting round on the floor, deep in discussion. I sat down rather selfconsciously near the door, and looked around at the other women. They were casually dressed, without makeup and all confident. They were talking a bit about what they all did, and I think I must be the only one apart from Sue who is just a housewife and mother. Some of the others have kids but as far as I can gather they seem to be actively involved in things like teaching, university courses and various political groups. For most of the evening the discussion was a general one that focussed round women's role in society, the way in which they are brought up to be passive and submissive, the way in which they are used by advertisers to sell their product and how, because of these and other pressures on them they become sexual objects in their own eyes and in the eyes of the rest of society. I felt very compelled by the discussion, not so much because of what was said, because I was pretty aware of the broad outline of it already. What was new and strange was hearing it said

passionately, articulately and angrily by a group of women who weren't that different from me. But I felt nervous and shy, and didn't say a word for the whole meeting.

## August

Last night I couldn't sleep. I came home from my third Women's Lib meeting in a state of terrific nervous excitement, and I lay awake with it buzzing round my head most of the night. I wrote after the first meeting that I hadn't really learnt anything I didn't already know, but now I'm beginning to be amazed and horrified by the extent to which women are manipulated and oppressed, and the innumerable, subtle ways in which the oppression operates. In particular, I suppose, I am thinking of the things in my own life that I take for granted and don't think to question. And there are other things. Like David having a study, a room of his own, a desk, a typewriter, shelves for his books and files, a place where he can retreat to and be entirely himself. All I've got is the kitchen: I'm totally defined by the bloody kitchen. I told David this, and his reaction was predictable: I've never expressed any need for a study or a room of my own. And it's true, I haven't. But the point is, we both accepted the social norm: women don't have studies. Thoughts like this, interspersed with general feelings of being worried and disturbed by the meeting revolved round my brain till about 4 a.m., when I finally fell into an exhausted sleep.

## September

We've started to make a short film in the group. It contrasts the advertisers view of women, beautiful, serene, sexy and desirable in their Habitat kitchens, with the reality of what most women's lives are really like. I've taken a lot of the photographs for it, pictures of my friends looking harassed with screaming babies, lines and lines of washing outside grotty London houses, and tense looking women in supermarkets trying to shop and control several children at the same time. I must admit that I've felt good to be doing something that I believed to be important and valid, which was quite unconnected to anything I normally do, or anything that David does. It's hardly that wonderful I know, but it has given me a sense of actively participating in the group for the first time.

## November/December

Increasingly burdened by pregnancy and the demands of a two year old. I've given up going to the Women's Lib meetings because I'm too tired: my nerves are in shreds. I wish someone would relieve me of Katie for a

moment during the day. We are alone together all day long and I haven't the energy to entertain her the whole time. As a result I get irritable, so she whines so I get more irritable. As far as I'm concerned the maternal instinct is a myth.

## February, 1970

Waiting, very impatiently for this baby to be born. I'm looking forward to it a lot, more because I shall have broken the shackles of pregnancy forever when it's born, and I will be free to get on with my own life, than for the baby itself. Poor little thing. Which isn't to say I loathe pregnancy and birth in the slightest: there are aspects of it that I enjoy tremendously: but it's not the only world shattering event to be experienced.

## April

He was born a month ago, an ugly shrivelled overdue little creature, and I felt nothing for him. No experience is so great the second time around, but this was made worse by the fact that I was given pethedine a few moments before he was born, added to which he only took three minutes to be born. So the speed of it, together with the fact that I was drowsy with drugs made me feel emotionally distant from everything that was happening. But now I'm getting used to him, and I love him a lot, in a much more accepting, less hysterical way than I did Katie. I think my feelings must affect him a bit too. I don't mind when he cries; perhaps that's why he doesn't cry much. He's altogether calmer than Katie, and I don't feel the same smothering protectiveness about him. David took a week off work just after the birth so that he could look after Katie and do the cooking while I recovered. He found it all a terrific strain and by 8 p.m. every evening he was in a state of exhaustion and near collapse on the bed. I couldn't restrain myself from teasing him about it. He went back to work looking immensely relieved, and here I am on my own again, this time with two kids. Twice the work, twice the demands, twice the exhaustion and restraint on my freedom. But this time, I'm not going to let it happen.





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**Cover photograph by Bruce Rae**

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In this issue we introduce two new regular features in Spare Rib: a psychology column by Carol Morrell, and a comic series Li Shuangshuang, from China.

In the introduction to *The People's Comic Book*, published by Doubleday in New York, Gina Neliolo talks about his first contact with the comic books on the night train from Hangchow to Shanghai, when the girl handed one out, along with a steaming cup of tea, to every passenger. 'I observed my companions - workers, petty officials and peasants. The train was moving slowly, at a speed well under the conventional forty miles an hour, and the heating system was out of order. Only two women and one old man laid aside their comic books and fell asleep. Among the others, no one paid attention to the cold or to the repeated stops; they were all completely absorbed in their reading. And if one of them finished his comic book before the others, he looked around with restrained impatience, and then, when he got the next one, plunged into it without delay.' This went on until dawn when the train arrived

and the stewardess collected the comics. Gino was impressed by the stories which were 'forthright and simple, without any elements of escapism or vulgar appeal' and by the enthusiastic reaction of his fellow passengers, ready to give up their sleep in order to get on with their reading even after a long and tiring working day.

Comics first came out in Shanghai in 1920, tales of fantasy or versions of fictional and theatrical classics. Ten years later there were the first foreign comics: Flash Gordon, Mickey Mouse, circulated only among the children of merchant families who went to foreign schools. When the Communists took over in 1949, they increased the production of comics to reach people who find novels hard to read or live in the isolated two thirds of the country where plays and films are unknown. A quote from Cun Lin, one of the most active Chinese comic artists whom Gino met in the Palace of the Arts in Peking, helps to explain what the comics are about:

'These peasants suffered under the society of

the past and then fought in the Revolution; their lives make up a story that we must retell to them over and over.

I try to adapt my drawings to their demands. For instance, I took from a novel the story of a young man who, during the War of Liberation, concealed weapons in the house of his landlord until he could turn them over to the Partisans, and himself become one of them. I submitted this story to the peasants of a commune, who approved of the subject but were very critical of certain details of the presentation. The landlord's tunic was too simple, they told me; the *kang* in the poor people's house was too large, the servants were too smiling, and, above all, in the final scene the reader's eye was drawn to the disclosure of the guns rather than to the young man's face.'

When Cun-Lin re-worked the drawings he found 'the whole thing fell into focus'. His final comment was that comics by those authors who 'take into account the criticism of the masses' are the most popular. Our comment is that it's a pity it's such a slow boat to China.



# Anything that's been a horror in your life sounds like a funny story when you tell it..'

*Pat Hartley is a 27 year old New Yorker, who lives in London with her husband Dick Fontaine and their baby Smokey (Robinson). Here Marion Fudger asks her about her life.*

Bruce Rae



Some movies I have seen have changed my mind. I quite liked *Dinner at Eight* and I loved *All About Eve* - it made me aware of a kind of a person, a kind of a groupie if you like. Anne Baxter plays a kind of a groupie and what it means to be that kind of groupie. I'm relating it, not to my acting experience, but to my experience as a groupie. The only wrong thing I consider I did was, had I

spent four years at university, I could have saved myself a whole lot of trouble. I probably could have done all the freaking out and running around I wanted to under the cover of being in school. My father then would have been happy and given me some money and my mother wouldn't be running about having heart palpitations at the moment. I realised when I left Hunter College for Women, I sort of walked out at lunch time and went to the movies one day, no great revelation, four thousand five hundred other students do it every day. It's very interesting, when I was at high school there were two or three guys all heavily into politics and we went round wearing black armbands and stuff like that. One of the cats, Lew, went to Colombia University, N.Y., helped Mark Rudd who started what one terms the American campus revolution. He was Mark's right hand man. I went to the LSE the second week I was here because Danny the Red from Paris was going to come and speak and I couldn't believe everybody arguing, the left wing socio-politico da da da constant bickering and arguing. That's why England's such a wonderful country, I mean you can argue it all out on the floor and in the end you're all in agreement with each other. Right. We all agree, no matter what it is, we all agree in the end. I mean it's nice to be a nation of people that are kind of condescending, as it were, but it's a bit difficult to get anything started, to crank the thing up and get it moving. Anyway, so I came out of the LSE and who was standing behind me but my friend Louis. He'd flown especially for this meeting. But he'd done something. I think the trouble with all political things is that they have to metamorphose, they have to keep moving. Everybody says the Black Panthers are now a failure, not only because Huey Newton is in fear of his life from policemen in open California, but the niggers are trying to kill him too. Fuck it, man, the Panthers worked on something, they gave a whole lot of people a dignity that they didn't have, which was very important. I mean, my aunt can't go and look in the mirror and say I'm a black woman. It'd kill her. I know I am and it doesn't bother me in the least. I know black is beautiful this year, but I know a number of people who are very proud of the fact because of what they did.

*You don't look black enough to be black.*

Well, that's your problem. I have nothing to do with that. The

visual effects are all yours. I'm blacker than Kathy Cleaver and that's enough for me. And she has blue eyes. So don't get ethnic with me.

But the point is, if my upbringing had been in Harlem, I probably would've gone into being a prostitute or slipped into being a junkie. I'm living in England, in a classic bourgeois situation. We've got six quid between us and a vacuum cleaner that works, which I find very important, and we're living in the middle of almost what is considered middle class Kensington. My mother came here and said, 'My god, the streets are so clean you could eat off them.' So I took her to Portobello Road so she wouldn't get her head too swollen about how good and nice everything is. It still didn't make any impression on her. My mother is a very difficult woman, she's proud of me, she loves all my press clippings and sends me press clippings from New York newspaper about anything, breast feeding, how many people were shot last week. I've only just learned to appreciate it. When she first started doing it, I just chucked them away without looking. For instance, she sent me a very good article on heroin, things you really need to know. Right.

*How did you come to make 'Rainbow Bridge'?*

Well, the guy who directed that film is the guy who originally put together what you will see in *Ciao Manhattan* as a flash back. We made a movie called *Ciao Manhattan*, I'm in the beginning of the film, when the girl gets out of bed, with short, straight hair, just for a minute, and I looked like an Italian.

I was 15. I'd happened to meet Chuck Wein in a place called Left Bank, across the street from Hunter College for Women, and there was a very, very strange friend of ours, a lovely man, who used to take a few of us drinking.

The East Village was just starting. The Dom was a discotheque where we wanted to go, everybody was flocking in there and drinking. So I'd gotten this scam job at the Village Gate where the owner had decided he was going to hip up the place. In between the jazz acts he was going to have this rock and roll thing, so he hired me and eight of my friends for all we wanted to eat and all we wanted to drink. Well, two days later, he said, 'Give them nothing to drink.' After the jazz act went off, we'd all dance to a rock and roll record and be the general entertainment and while



this was happening I bumped into Chuck Wein, so back we went to Edie's house. (Edie Sedgwick - star of *Ciao Manhattan*) I started telling this very strange story about my involvement with teenage gangs around the block, that my mother never knew about. So, about two weeks later, I get a call. I go up to Warhol's factory, saw Baby Jane Holzer do this incredibly strange play, they were walking around with placards



## 'I wasn't a terribly successful groupie . . . '



and so on, and I thought far out, and then in walked Chuck and Edie and he was just getting this Edie thing together. She was stunning on film, I think, she was absolutely beautiful. *Ciao Manhattan*, that's about nothing. I mean, what's it about? Watching someone getting fucked up.

I split to San Francisco. We drove across the country and saw nobody but a whole lot of locals who were really nice to us,

straight across Kansas 'cause I wasn't going South, not with a white boy driving, and we didn't see anybody. Each State, as you go through, has this tiny little sign, you are now entering Utah, population da da da, you suddenly get to California, there's a forty-two lane highway with cops and helicopters. You can't bring plants into the state of California because of disease. California's called the salad bowl of the world because they grow more artichokes and more lettuces than anywhere else in the world and they confiscated my cactus which I bought in Kansas. As we'd been going through Utah we kept coming across cars with more and more people looking just like us. I'd been locked up for a year doing this *Ciao Manhattan* thing, thought I was taking a little vacation, never been away from home before. It was 1966, I must have been about 18 when I did that. I'd done three films for Andy, right. Chuck Wein and Paul Morrissey were with him. I didn't really know Andy Warhol. *Nobody knows Andy Warhol apart from his mother*. He sort of smirked at me a couple of times and once, when I'd asked for some money for a taxi, he gave me a hundred dollar bill - when he gets drunk he doesn't know what he's doing. The hustles I've lived by, forget it.

My first abortion, the cat I was living with had a friend who was an old man living in Sutton Place. So, when I plucked up my courage and said I hadn't got any money, he asked him for it. Maybe I'm still punishing myself, I mean I thought it was just something I went through and got over. I took one look at the cat - and, oh god, was he beautiful - and one look at me and said, 'Honey, I ain't going to bring up this baby by mahself.' Not with all those chicks ringing the doorbell for him every five minutes, flowers and dropping acid and painting butterflies on the wall. I was too much of a worrier, I'm in a settled situation now. I was thinking in practical terms, do I, Pat Hartley, at the moment, have the strength, the money, the situation and the mental thing. I was sixteen but I knew I didn't want to get saddled with a baby when I shouldn't. I was a hundred and sixteen. Most of my girlfriends were having abortions left, right and centre. My best friend, Jerry, graduated from high school with a belly that large, and her father was a member of the Klu Klux Klan, and she was fucking the biggest nigger you've ever seen and he was the star in the basket ball team. Right. They stayed together four and a half months after the baby was born and Jerry decided she couldn't stand it. Quite rightly so. They broke up and the baby was living with the guy's parents in Queens, god knows where, so any contribution we could've made for the baby to be different to the rest of the world is gone, because he's just where the baby's father was. I looked at myself, hey Hartley, the big tits, they don't last baby, after nine months they start falling and then you're really going to be unhappy. If you're as vain as I am, you're going to be very unhappy.

My mother never knew, I told her I was going to Connecticut for two weeks. I didn't have a job. I felt I was saving a life rather than giving it away. I've felt that all the way along the line. I've had one abortion from Dick already. When I had Smokey, I decided, yes, I can handle it. We married in October, I'd already had Smokey. I didn't have emotional hassles over the abortion because I'm selfish. When I was twelve, thirteen, I started running with a bunch of chicks. Jerry, she was Irish. We went to dances, we necked, we came home with hickies. Did you touch my tit, did you not touch my tit. I was the last one to go. It took me years to actually get around to it, it really did. By that time, everybody had gone. I mean, you know, I'd catch the vibe and say no, but one day it was yes and then, of course, it got to be a big thing. Everybody would come back from summer and ugh, that summer I became a woman - 'Tell me, Cheryl in shorts, how was it?'

When I got pregnant I knew the first thing I should do was lay it

on my mother and I knew she couldn't handle it. Just what she needs, another baby, right? I looked at the guy, and I didn't wanna be the kind of chick that wants a baby all by herself and whatever happens we travel around alone together, no matter how many men drift in and out or I'm going to have to have a baby in conjunction with somebody else and we're both going to contribute to the trip. You do think that sensibly at that age, I was living in a hotel and Chuck was not going to take care of the baby, was he? Everybody was giving me the big hype, it was going to be the most beautiful baby, but I'm suspicious, right.

I went round to see my friend Alice, she had a baby, this was when I was 14, she taught me how to give yourself an abortion, you have a douche with nutmeg cocktail or something. She lived with her mother.

I come from an original broken home, they just got divorced, I was about 10 by the time all the mud settled which I'm sure had some kind of psychological effect. I mean that I don't trust men, because my mother never bothered to tell me that it was she who decided to have the divorce, I always thought it was my father who was giving her away, you know, because he couldn't face up to it. Don't forget, my father was a Hungarian Jew and my mother was a black lady from New York. So I watched Alice. I came round to see the baby, the house reaked of rice and beans, the baby was there, Alice was fidgeting and fussing with it, she was totally into her old man, waiting for letters, he finally split and we called the baby Aquanet after some awful hair spray. What an incredible name to call a baby. And that was what it was like and I said to myself I couldn't do this. You know, because I couldn't get the minutes and the hours and the days together. I watched her, she had to change the baby and this and that, we were all looning about. I still felt the same even up to the time I had Smokey and the reason I had him was I felt that if I didn't have this one I wouldn't have one at all. I would be so crowded in with selfishness and my own space. I'm twenty seven, you know.



Pat Hartley aged 15, on the set of *Ciao Manhattan*



## *'We called the baby Aquanet after some awful hair spray.'*

When you are pregnant you have to sit there and decide what you are going to do about a life that's going to live for maybe 75 years. Babies don't disappear, it's not like vacuuming the floor. You vacuum the floor, at least the floor stays vacuumed for two days, you know, maybe even four if you're lucky.

My parents entered into the thing as an agreement, they did that kind of ritual, everything was lovely and now you're going to have a baby and the family is going to be even better. At least they started out with the right intentions. I said 'Honey, honey, I'm pregnant', he said, 'oooh, we'll have the kid! I said 'oooh, we won't'. So he hustled up the money (\$260) from his friend, I lost the first lot. I went to my girlfriend's obstetrician who came out and said 'Congratulations, Mrs Hartley, we can expect a delivery in November.' We can what? Who could take contraception? I mean, the kind of contraception that was available at the time, 1963, just prior to the pill, was either this weird diaphragm which I was not going to take in and out of my pocket book. If you run home and have a douche you can survive. So I got the doctor's number, called him up and went out to see him. It was out by Kennedy Airport, it was very funny. The same day Chuck Wein who directed both *Ciao Manhattan* and *Rainbow Bridge* was going to bury his father. We'd all been living together in the same hotel so we took the same taxi together to the same area of town, it was very freaky. The nurse was going to do it in her own home, not in the office, it was opposite the airport, one of those high rise apartments.

Chuck was going to bury his father who'd been a compulsive gambler his entire life and died at the race track on a winning ticket. He'd been on a losing streak for a long time and he jumped up because he'd won and had a heart attack. I said 'Chuck man, how much better could your father have gone?' He went out winning, that's better than most of us can expect. So Chuck went off to bury his father and I went off to get rid of this lovely boy's child.

I had a catheter abortion, they stick a tube inside. For some reason my womb is slightly to the right. I took my girlfriend with me. It took the nurse 4,5,6 hours to get this two-bit tube inside me properly by which time my girlfriend had fallen asleep in the front room. So I was sent home with the tube inside me and I was

supposed to wait to bleed, right. Course, I got the instructions wrong. The moment I saw any blood I was supposed to have taken the tube out.

I left it in thinking it's too little blood, I'll bleed more. So Chuck walked me round. He bought me a bride's colouring book, I was sitting around colouring in this book. Anything that's been a horror in your life sounds like a funny story when you tell it, you know it's just that kind of thing.

On the third day I called them and said 'Hey, what's happening'. I had to go back because I fucked it up by not taking the tube out and he had to do it for me. Well, I'm going to tell you, he gave me 4 IV's (*intra-venouses*) of Demerol, the walls were moving, and it was like having the inside of your skull scraped out. He did it himself, he had to reach in and dig it out, man. I mean that baby wanted to live, it was very difficult. I was lying down on the operating table and I was screaming and he said, 'Look, bitch, if you scream louder they're going to bring the fucking cops round here because it's nine o'clock at night. Baby, just please, you know.' I said, OK, and I could feel this scraping on the inside of my head and this scraping inside my body. He was a doctor, a gynaecologist, there was no other way he could do it. I'd been lying down with my feet in the stirrups and I sat up. I wanted to see it. And it was a mass of placenta, goo, and while I was sitting up he turned the light he'd been using to the side, my leg was on it and I got a third degree burn, it was just sizzling, I was frying.

It was one of those kidney shaped pans, and I was just looking at it, flesh, this and that, you know, it wasn't a baby, it was only like two months.

*The door opens slowly . . .* I know who that is, I know who that is, ooh, who's been asleep?

*Interlude for 14 month old Smokey.*

*Tell me about Hendrix*

Jimi was too much for me to handle and I knew it and I wasn't about to take the plunge. Talk to him or be friends with him, OK, but to get more involved than that . . . Sometimes just talking to him was so heavy and strange, but I mean he was an exceptional person. As well as being an exceptional guitarist he was also incredibly funny, as good as any stand up comic I ever heard, but to get really involved, to be his girlfriend . . . Well, Devon was his girlfriend and I tagged along behind Devon, so we just made it that way round and every now and then when the focus switched to me . . . I mean he called me up one night and said what are you doing in New York while your old man is in London and I said sitting on the couch talking to you. Obviously, one would get obsessed with loyalty in that kind of situation. Especially with so many chicks around.

The whole groupie thing turned itself around didn't it? It used to be that the guys could pick and choose. Well, after the first three years it was us choosing, the guys had no choice. There's about four or five sort of famous groupies and Devon was one of them, but she never lasted long with anybody. She didn't want to live with anybody, it was just a real status thing. In the end when the groups came to town, the girls would decide whether . . . I mean,



## *'It was all being held together by a piece of tissue paper, namely Jimi's vibes.'*

after having Stevie Winwood was it worth it to have any one less and for the groups in a way it was part and parcel of selling the album. It was a weird thing, before it changed, all those women standing outside the Plaza Hotel screaming our knickers down for these incredible pop groups and at that time it really was the girls after the boys. That was at the time of the second Beatles tour, I think. The men were always there, but when it started, it started like a teenage sex vibe, that kind of thing. There was endless dirty dealing, like people jumping inside limousines and locking the doors, the car speeds away. When Devon pulled the coup of the century by pulling Jagger on the last Stones tour, I think that was the last big groupie venture for anybody. And there wasn't really much energy behind that at all. It was just the fact that he was there and hanging about. Don't forget it was 1964 that the Beatles first came to the States and around that year the groupies started, it was a different kind of thing then, and the place was littered with 14 year old girls and then there were people like me, Jenny Dean, Devon and others who were going into it from an intelligent point of view, I mean just hack through all the bullshit and beat each other up in the elevator, and smile, and keep it together. We'd just find out who was in town and what hotel they were in. It's not that difficult, if one decided to put a little bit of effort behind it. All the chicks are still sitting around the Speakeasy now and having a nice time. It is a society of a kind, the way it functions, it has its own strange rules. A lot of it is women dressing for women, a lot of it had to do with competition between the chicks. We paired off in two's, and there were always couples, who were like married couples. We'd go two at a time. Very few chicks would go one at a time. Jenny Dean would stay by herself most of the time but she was about the only chick I know that did. Going in two's was a sort of adventure and it was fun, and you know, fuck'em. I don't go to the bathroom in a discotheque by myself, I make an announcement 'anybody wanna go to the bathroom.' And don't forget when Devon was around, and this girl who's now married to Roger Daltrey, they looked absolutely stunning together. A six foot two redhead and a six foot two black chick were bound to make a stunning impression. The same thing as my little girl friend, she and I both being the same height. I wasn't a terribly successful groupie and on one level I just couldn't stay up that long, it wasn't worth it. The last groupie venture I had was with Santana when they were in New York and that was really fine. It was the first time it's ever actually been fun.

Jimi does a sort of thing in the documentary which is a bit tongue in cheek humour, about how the door would open and there'd be this luscious girl standing there 'how could I resist it?' There's a facetious intelligence working there, it's well, lady you're all flinging yourself on my doorstep, how dare you then turn around and say to me that I'm in all kinds of trouble. Jimi was terribly obsessed with music, I mean he had something, the rest of us have nothing. Seems odd that people say he was an introvert. I wouldn't have the balls to say what I thought he was supposed to be, it'll get itself together, the shifting sands etc. If anybody tries to say after my death this is what she was like, you know it's impossible to really tell. The one thing I can tell you which I know is a fact is that he was in love with his music, that was all he wanted to do. He'd stay at the scene until six in the morning jamming with anybody, a piano stool, nothing. He thought about his music all day, hang round the clubs and then, oh, gotta go now and he'd rush down to the studio, play, play, play, until eleven in the morning and then go home to bed. He was only really interested in his music. He liked the idea of what was going on around him, what guy doesn't like the idea of fifty thousand chicks throwing themselves at you because you are Jimi Hendrix. He was shy, but that doesn't mean he wasn't going to beat you up if you took too much of a liberty with him. Michael Jeffery (*Hendrix's manager*) allowed very little about Jimi to come out - he was very isolated. *What do you mean?* It's so messy, it's got to do with Devon and six other chicks who Devon was pimping for Jimi and all kinds of weird shit going on and telephones ringing and girls being kicked downstairs and all kinds of nonsense. That's what it had to do with, and very late night acid trips and things like that. I dunno, it takes a lot of energy out of you. He wanted to do the same things we all wanted to do in the same period of time but making music was what he really wanted to do.

Basically he was looking for some kind of honesty from anybody. . . don't say something because you think you should. It's embarrassing how few people were honest with him at that time.

Fayne was his first girlfriend. He wanted Devon and Fayne to get together before he died because he thought Fayne could put Devon back on the rails 'cause she was rapidly slipping off. She was totally involved with Jimi but we didn't think about it like that and then when he suddenly died we realised that was what it was all about, it was all being held together by a piece of tissue paper, namely Jimi's vibes. What's going to happen, baby, if he doesn't get up one day at 11 o'clock. And that's what happened and everybody went berserk. Devon really needed a lot of love in a peculiar kind of way. I mean someone really didn't love her when she was a kid because she'd behave like a five year old sometimes and she was very bright and very witty but always appealing to people's prurient interests, like go and get Jimi a chick and then you'll be in control of the situation which, sadly enough, is the truth. For some reason she wanted to be nothing and that's what she ended up to be, nothing. She made an enormous impression on everybody but I certainly have not learned anything from knowing her. She died on heroin in the Chelsea Hotel. One Friday night Jenny rang her up and she said, Yes, she was fine, and she wasn't alone, and then she was dead in the morning. She died the same day my son was born, so I'm sitting in hospital saying where's Devon, why hasn't she called, where's the flowers. I wasn't told about her death till two weeks later. Dick had talked to people in the hospital and they thought the best thing I could do was get on and have the baby, or I would have got completely hysterical.

Jimi knew perfectly well that if he told Collette to come over on Thursday night at eight o'clock, Collette would call Stella and Stella would tell Devon and Devon would come over there and beat the door down and drag Jimi out to a party. It was fun and some of it was an absolute horror.

There weren't many men around him. Michael Jeffery was certainly not a man you could relate to. Jimi said to Collette, how could you, your old man is paying your rent and you're living with a guy whether you like it or not, you're double dealing him to such a terrible extent and that's the kind of position females found themselves in. They put themselves into that kind of chauvinistic thing. All you've got left is sneaking in around the back and lying and cheating. They put themselves in that position even when it became the groupies who chose the group. It began to get sort of feminist as all the girls suddenly realised that so much of the energy was coming from us, not from the male population. But that's not helpful because we're still living in the same atmosphere. It did come together and then it fell apart, there was never any energy to put into the idea that this was a whole new situation. There are a lot more independent chicks than there ever were but a lot of them are independent in a way that's not going to do them any good, they're just selfish, nasty mother fuckers and whether they like men or not their attitude to them is if they've got money go get'em. The competition, you see, I just copped out, I just decided it was too much trouble.



photograph by Bruce Rae







## LATEST STATISTICS

Latest statistics from the Registrar General put the projected population of Britain (England & Wales) in the year 2001 at over 58 million, a rise of 3 million on the actual 1971 figures of 55 million.

The number of people over 85 is expected to increase by over half again in the same period. However, the number of emigrants from Britain still exceeds the number of immigrants by 39,000.

A record number of 110,000 petitions for divorce were filed during 1971 as a result of the Divorce Reform Act. The number of illegitimate maternities and live births increased by nearly 1,000 to a total of 65,678. The number of marriages decreased from 415,487 in 1970 to 404,737 in 1971.

The number of abortions performed on women of all ages was 126,777, of which only 53,706 took place in NHS hospitals. The total includes foreign women (32,207). Over 61,000 of the abortions were performed on single women. There were 2,296 abortions on girls who were under 16.

It is estimated that the number of illegitimate births would have topped the 100,000 mark without the existence of legal abortion.

Fertility rates for women aged under 30 have dropped from a peak about 10 years ago, but they are still higher than in the early 1950s, before the move towards earlier marriage and childbearing.

The infant death rate was the lowest ever recorded and the stillbirth rate the second lowest on record. During 1972 there was a decrease of 60,000 in the total number of live births as compared to 1971. In addition, the death rate was the highest since 1963. The result is that the increase in the population fell sharply in 1972.

Apparently there is a surplus of £80 million in the NHS superannuation scheme. This would be enough to increase a widow's pension from a third to a half of the man's four times over. Nice to know someone's got some money.

## LATEST PREJUDICE

Extracts from the chapter on women dentists in Edward Sampson's book *The Management of Dental Practice*, adequately illustrate some attitudes the professional woman may still encounter in 1973.

'It is unwise for a woman to start practice in a heavily populated industrial area, where she must work long hours for small fees - such work will be bound to tell on her health and ultimately detract from her efficiency.'

'Bearing in mind possible prejudice against them, women dentists should endeavour to conform to the more accepted rules of decor and colour scheme. Nothing should be introduced which is likely to emphasise the femininity of the atmosphere.'

'She may find herself in a narrow and bigoted community that associates frivolity, or even immorality, with ultra-fashionable clothes.'

Finally, some advice on 'dressing in harmony with the surgery'. My own excellent woman dentist wears a white coat, but never mind! ■

## ANNA RAE BURN



### Letter

*My problem is that at the age of 22, I just don't like sex. I have known my husband for eight years and we have been married for three. We were the first lover for each other. We've always had sex but I don't get aroused and the only time I've ever experienced orgasm was through masturbating. I seem to be doing this more now as it's the only way I can get any experience at all but I wish I could do this with my husband. My marriage has been breaking up for seven months as he says he does not love or care for me. This has come about from the way I am about sex. I've seen three doctors and all they do is give me pills. There's no psychiatrist, according to the last doctor, who'd agree to see me because my problem isn't a serious one.*

### Reply

You say that you don't like sex but that you've 'always' had sex. Does that mean that you gave in to keep your husband? Have you really never enjoyed it? One school of psycho-sexual counselling will hold that if you can come to orgasm through masturbating then you can have an orgasm through lovemaking. You haven't told me anything else about your life, what other strains and stresses there are but I'm fairly certain that the sex thing has just become the focus of attention and there are other problems. The comment from the doctor that there is no-one to treat you because your problem isn't serious is the kind of regrettable lunacy offered from time to time by the medical profession when faced with an unknown and possibly embarrassing area of difficulty. You could definitely be helped by one of at least two therapists I can think of and I have written to you privately to give you details of how to get hold of them. One is a psychotherapeutically-oriented doctor who will be able to help you look at the problem from all the way around and utilises some of Masters and Johnson's techniques for frigidity. The other is a behavioural therapist and work with him involves a series of desensitization exercises to take the anxiety out of the sexual situation so that you can learn to respond. However this last will involve your husband's co-operation at home if not at the clinic and I think you should have a good think about your position and the state of the relationship in general. If you can, I suggest you have a frank conversation with your husband and tell him that you are

seeking advice and ask him what he really wants - to stay together or to part. You must remember that you have both changed a great deal in eight years and it may be better to part at least temporarily until you can take stock of things fully. If there are problems other than sexual ones in the marriage, then possibly a Marriage Guidance Counsellor would be able to help you but you should be very clear about the entire situation before you start knocking yourself out trying to save it. And don't despise the pills you have been given too much - you're probably fairly tense and mild tranquillisers may be superficially helpful to you for the moment although I agree there's nothing more infuriating than being palmed off with pills when you really need help.

### Letter

*I am 44 years old, divorced and have been for many years. I don't often have a partner and have been trying to bring myself to orgasm by masturbation but have never managed to do so. I get very tense and I'm sure it would be good for me to learn to go over the top. The rubbing technique I use does not seem very effective and I'm afraid I don't know where to go from there.*

### Reply

Two things could be amiss: firstly, that in spite of your own good sense, there may be a taboo against masturbation still operating subconsciously which forbids you the final pleasure and makes you stop short. Secondly you may be a little hazy about your own anatomy and are not stimulating yourself in the best possible way. The Family Planning Association bookshop in Mortimer Street will almost certainly have a range of books on female anatomy and Forum's book department at 2 Bramber Road, London W.14., will have a volume on masturbatory techniques. According to quite a wide range of opinion, no woman remains non-orgasmic with a vibrator but I don't know how you'd feel about using one. They are on sale quite widely from chemists and of course sex shops and this might be the answer for you. There's a second strain to your letter - you seem to feel your life is over. It's interesting that a man in your position would write asking where he could get a woman and you accept your lack seemingly unquestioningly. I'm not saying go out and get a man but I am saying, 44 is not the end of the world ■



**BE WITH  
THE TRENDSETTERS!  
IF YOU'RE A SUPER GIRL  
LOOKING FOR AN  
EXCITING, WELL PAID JOB,  
APPLY TODAY!**



*photographs by David Levin*

**AND THIS  
IS WHAT YOU'LL BE  
LA'NDED WITH.**



**W**orking in the 'trendy' boutiques is boring, badly paid and hard work. The boutique owners manage to exploit the market by claiming to offer 'exciting jobs', 'groovy music while you work', 'interesting people coming into the store' and 'cheaper clothes' - it all adds up to the ideal job for the Kensington girl who doesn't want to sit bashing at a typewriter all day, but prefers the idea of being in a boutique.

Walk along about 100 yards of Kensington High Street and you'll pass dozens of boutiques, all basically selling the same type of clothing, and offering much the same wages and working conditions. Roxy, a mock-thirties shop, pays you £20 gross for a 6 day week, working from 10-6 every day. Fancy That, just next door, gives you £16, for 6 days, with the added bonus of having to work till 8pm on Thursdays. The staff at Bus Stop, which started at the same time and with the same ideas as Biba, but never quite made it to the big time, are a bit more honest about the situation. I went in and asked for a

day off a week - it goes down on a rota'. How about pay - 'Well, plus commission it's about £19.50 you take home'. The girl looks at me, somewhat embarrassed. 'I'm afraid you'll have to look good, you know, wear trendy (ie Bus Stop) clothes and lots of make up every day. We are trying to introduce a uniform, but we can't decide on one'.

'How long do people stay'.

'Well, not very long actually, they seem to get bored.

'We're awfully short staffed at the moment - when can you start?'

Muttering excuses about having to make up my mind, I bid a hasty retreat.

Job hunting down the Kings Road proved much the same as Kensington High Street. Onto the antique markets, where the situation was a good deal worse. As the stalls are small, staffed by perhaps only one or two people, there is a convincing illusion of down-home cottage industry, which couldn't be further from the truth. As more and more



job - 'How old are you'

'22'

'Have you ever worked in a shop before?'

'No, I've been a typist up till now'

'Oh, well, you might find this a bit boring after being a typist'

More boring than being a typist - apparently so.

'Our hours are 9.30-7 and 11-8 on Thursday - you have one

markets spring up - so do the chain stalls - often owned by people who started making their money selling candles and caftans when the craze for such commodities hit London a few years ago. They are now raking in the money, own several stalls, employ a few people, and produce clothes and trinkets that are badly made and expensive. The boss probably smokes dope, it's difficult to start hustling him about money. 'Very uncool man'. Wages in the market are ▶





often as low as £15 for a six day week. And if its been a bad week its not uncommon for a stall holder to pay less and then not bother to make it up the following week.

Mary has been renting a stall in the Kensington Antique market for 5 years. She and a couple of friends began by selling crocheted clothes they made themselves, but soon found that to be original sometimes doesn't pay.

'Our originality didn't last long' she says. 'In 1969 Crowthers, a Kensington High Street Boutique, which has now gone bust, suddenly produced hundreds of crocheted garments, identical to the ones we were making. There's no machine in the world which can do crochet, so we reckoned that they had come to our stall, bought the clothes, then copied the designs and sent them to Italy to be made up by women there. Labour in Italy, Spain and Malta is fantastically cheap - it really is the only way that a store can produce large supplies of crocheted clothes. The only other way it can be done is to employ old age pensioners, who because of the laws about the amount you can earn while receiving OAP, will work for about 5p an hour. But we didn't have any direct evidence of that.'

Not only are the wages poor, but the working conditions in the Kensington Market leave much to be desired.

'They've been promising us air conditioning for three years now - so far it's only been installed in the basement. I've had a recurring chest illness every winter since I started working here, which I know is due to the ghastly air, dust, heat and smoke in the building.'

Kensington Market is owned by Laurie Marsh, among other things the owner of the Classic Cinemas and of other antique markets. Over the last three years floor rents have increased by 100%. For instance the week's rent on a stall 8' x 16' is £22. On that basis Mary reckons that the management are taking well over £1,200 per week per floor and there are three floors. *Rosie Boycott*



CITY OF LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC

## *Have you got it in you to be an engineer?*

At present only two female students are enrolled in Electronics and none in Mechanical Engineering, despite no sex barrier. The only entry requirement is two A-levels for a degree course and one A-level and appropriate O-levels for a diploma course.

If engineering is not your bag, you can choose from these other fields of study:

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Construction  
Fine Art, Humanities, Educational  
Studies  
Physical Education**

Should you prefer a "traditional feminine" subject, there is the three-year Diploma course in Contour Fashion - the new name for foundation garment and lingerie design. This is the only course of its kind in Europe in this specialised field - and here we do not discriminate against men taking it.

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# Are children loved enough, too much, or too little?

*Rutter, an eminent psychologist, on Bowlby, another eminent psychologist: 'Mother love in infancy and childhood is as important for mental health as are vitamins and proteins for physical health.' The influence of these two men is widespread. Their statements are used to attack women who go to work while their children are still babies. Sue Lipshitz discusses the implication of their views, and of a new pamphlet which describes a different concept of mothering.*

Current advice on how to bring up children reflects the way 'experts', particularly psychologists and psychiatrists, consider we ought to be going about it. These attitudes have been especially influenced by John Bowlby, a doctor and analyst, whose report in 1951 for the World Health Organization examined the care necessary for young children and the consequences of separation between mother and child. It was his notion that the lack of a 'complex, rich and rewarding relationship with mother in early years' - in psychologists' jargon 'maternal deprivation' - had dire consequences, leading to delinquency or even a retarded child.

Although deprivation was assumed to be related to physical separation, most often occurring when either mother or baby went into hospital, it was also recognised that deprivation could occur when the mother was around. It is therefore the *quality* of care that matters. Child psychiatrist, Michael Rutter, looked critically at this concept of maternal deprivation and showed that it included a variety of experiences: he distinguished deprivation meaning unsatisfactory care, from privation meaning a total lack of care. Each have different effects and a retarded child is more likely to have suffered privation.

But we do know that women have certain hormones that are released during pregnancy as well as biological cycles, that affect her psychologically. We still do not fully understand how these processes work and how unlearned factors may contribute to the social definition of women as mothers.

This debate is relevant to the questions raised by Women's Liberation. If delinquency or retardation were the direct result of *any* separation of child from its mother, the arguments against mother going out to work could be correct. And if one person has to be responsible for a child, communal living might be thought harmful because no one caretaker is guaranteed. The other big question is whether mothering has to be done by women only, because of some female qualities that makes it inevitable. Given that we now live longer and most women will have some job outside the home, it is no longer satisfactory that a woman's total identity is bound up with her biological function. We cannot know what it would mean if maternity was not the female function because so far women do produce the children.

These arguments neglect to see the mother-child relationship in the context of the family, that is part of a particular cultural and economic situation. So other disruptive circumstances are likely to surround the break of a relationship between the mother and the child who later becomes delinquent. For example, children are often put into care because of their mother's physical or mental illness. What happens in that case or when mother dies or is divorced? Since our society assumes mothering and mother-love to be the functions of the biological mother, it assumes that her loss will be damaging. There is a huge burden on the woman to provide a lasting, protective and loving relationship that makes the job of any ▶



mother substitute very difficult. The emphasis on the naturalness of the tie between parent and child avoids dealing with the implications of a difference in temperament between them. Such differences can lead to problems of incompatibility if, for instance, a mother who takes pleasure in constant physical contact with her baby has a child sensitive to too much handling. Part of the difficulty lies in the sort of attitudes to children that women think they are expected to have. If the 'ideal mother' only loves her child, the real woman gets terrified of any feelings of resentment or anger towards it. We have to look at the ties between people, where they come from and what their function is socially and economically, and the family is the place to look.

Bowlby's recent work puts the emphasis on our biology, so he focusses on how human mother-child relationships are similar to those of other animals in the evolutionary system, like apes and monkeys. Since we share some instinctual or unlearned ways of dealing with our environment as these other animals in the evolutionary system, we must be just a more complex version of animal. Bowlby argues that the human species survives by having children, that a woman's role is mainly defined by maternity and that, very early in a child's life, certain behaviour unfolds with the sole purpose of attaching the mother and the child so that those who are biologically related will treat each other in a special way, as parent and child. It is as if we are born with a pre-determined code which goes into action after birth. Bowlby thinks that by understanding how this special relationship is formed, we will understand how a child will respond to parting from its mother, and subsequently how this initial pattern will be repeated by the child in its expectations of later

*'Just as a baby needs to feel that he belongs to his mother, a mother needs to feel that she belongs to her child, and it is only when she has the satisfaction of this feeling that it is easy for her to devote herself to him. The provision of constant attention day and night, seven days a week and 365 days in the year, is possible only for a woman who derives profound satisfaction from seeing her child grow from babyhood . . . and knows that it is her care which made this possible. It is for these reasons that the mother-love which a child needs is so easily provided within the family; and is very, very difficult to provide outside it.'*

**J. Bowlby Child Care and the Growth of Love, Pelican paperback**

relationships with other people. If the biological mother is assumed to be the only person providing mother love and mothering, then her loss is tragic because she is irreplaceable. (I should point out that, although Bowlby does say the mother figure

is not necessarily the biological mother, he seems to assume that this is so throughout.)

Rutter, on the other hand, takes these ideas apart and manages to cool down the argument by indicating that maternity, mother love and mothering are not inextricable nor necessarily the total responsibility of one person or of women. He points out that mothering means physical care, feeding, discipline, play, conversation,

*'It is impossible to compare the characteristics of the Matabele and those of Europeans on the basis of one or two contrasts alone. In short, we cannot say young Smith, the English teenager, is a disturbed person because his society orphanized him when he lost his mother at the age of five; but young Khumolo is a stable teenager, although his mother died whilst he was young, because his society provided him with a new mother at once.'*

**Edgar Moyo, Big Mother and Little Mother in Matabeleland History Workshop Pamphlet No. 12**

**Available from Ruskin College, Oxford.**

providing a sex role model as well as love, and that some of these activities can be performed for the child by different people. The quality of the care the child receives is what really matters, and it will only experience a parting or a separation if there has been some relationship to lose. He is partly saying that having a mother does not guarantee love, the relationship will be based on the sorts of adaptation people make to each other, and is not, for the mother, a natural, unlearned outcome of maternity. He emphasises the importance of other relationships in contributing to mothering, and points out that familiar people - father, brothers, sisters - and favourite toys, can make a child less unhappy when its mother is away. Maternal deprivation is a much too simple concept. How a child responds to separations, and its expectations of later adult relationships, will depend on the child's previous relations with those around it, the type of substitute care, age, sex and temperament at the time of crisis. If we do not look at how what happens to us is linked to the economic and cultural form of a society, we might try to transpose differently organized families from other cultures into our own, as a solution. However different cultures do give us ideas about how peculiar or universal our notions are.

A different concept of mothering is described by Edgar Moyo, in his recollections of the Matabele tribal life in Southern Africa at the beginning of this century. Their family was broadly defined to include neighbours, or the whole village, as one unit all involved in caring for the children. Every child had a 'big' mother, who could be the oldest sister in a family

group or the senior wife if a man had several wives, or the grandmother. The biological mother, all her sisters and all women who were her blood relatives, cousins and co-wives, as well as good neighbours, were the child's 'little' mothers. The 'big' mother was the functional mother. She organised meals, schooling and other care and, if the child went away to school, would be replaced by another 'big' mother. There was a whole network of women who shared the mothering, partly so that the younger women could go to work in the fields, while the men went hunting. The younger girls would bring the babies out to the fields if they had to be breast fed. Since the children belonged to the community, there was no problem about illegitimacy or being orphaned. Death or loss of a mother meant her loss as a person but not the deprivation of mothering care, and there is the implication that they don't suffer the same psychological damage. Although this general description does not tell us much about the sort of caring, it does show that changing the family structure does not necessarily alter the fact that women had the main responsibility for child care. The distinction was made between the roles of the sexes, the types of work they were expected to carry out, and these roles were still learned within their family.

If we take Bowlby's biological view, we may come to see society originally based on the unit of a mother and child, with males becoming attached to them in more or less permanent ways. If we use Rutter's approach we may attempt to look at how the man could be more integrated into the mothering role. But I think we also have to look at what part children play in realising the parents' (especially the mother's) unfulfilled capacities and how they function as a sort of safety net for personal and economic security. Therefore, while it's important to alter the form of the family, that on its own won't bring about changes in consciousness. We have to work at both levels simultaneously ■



**Sue has been in the Family W.L. group for two years.**



# NEWS

## SARK: THE WORST DEAL.

Women have a bad deal in England but two hundred miles away in the English Channel, they are having far worse problems.

Sark is a small, self-governing and independent island in the English Channel. It is held in 'fief haubert' from the Crown of England by a Seigneur who, at the present time, is 89 year old Dame Sibyl Hathaway, D.B.E. The Seigneur pays 'half a Knight's fee' - or £2-50 - annually for the privilege.

The legal system is decidedly old fashioned - a married woman is only her husband's chattel and has no right to separate possession of property. Efforts to change this sparked off the latest outburst of news about Sark by the world's newspapers and transmitters.

Back in 1965, a series of articles in a local journal brought home to the wives of Sark that they were denied most of the property rights enjoyed by spinsters and widows in the island. A poll of one in ten of the island's adult population revealed that 99% of those questioned - a fair cross-section of the inhabitants - wanted the law changed. Later, a group of women petitioned the island authorities to this end.

A married woman in Sark cannot legally hold a Bank Account, write a cheque, run a business, buy property or goods, raise a loan, make a will or sign a deed in her own name, because she has no separate identity.

She loses all right to separate possession of property, except her 'paraphernalia', small bits and pieces of clothing, her wedding ring, and so on. Her husband becomes the owner of any money or personal property she may have owned before marriage, and gains the right to administer and enjoy the profits of any real estate bought or inherited by his wife before or after the wedding. Even money which the wife earns can legally be used by the old man! A wife deserted by her husband for many years still cannot sell her own inherited property without her husband's consent.

It is true that a wife has protection under Sark law; her husband must provide maintenance and is responsible for his wife's debts. When he dies, his widow must receive one-third at least of all his property.

In olden days, marriages were usually made between the sons and daughters of local families, whose parents knew the law and who were able to protect daughters whose husbands treated them badly.

In modern days, young girls often come to the island, marry local boys and then find themselves tied by the laws of the land. There is no divorce in Sark and escape from an unhappy marriage is difficult for a woman, who stands to lose everything she possesses. If she leaves the matrimonial home, no matter for what reason, she cannot even claim maintenance.

A year or so ago, Chief Pleas formed a committee to report on Women's Rights in Sark and recommend changes in the law. The

members of the committee were one Sark-born man, one Sark-born woman and an 'incomer', an Englishman. All three held the very firm conviction that the position of women in Sark is unfair and, recently, recommended to the island parliament that the law should be changed. In effect, a Married Women's Property Act would have been drafted, with certain reservations to allow the inheritance law to remain as it is, and to safeguard the right of dower for a wife, and of 'franc veuving' for a husband. Under the present law, when a man's wife dies before him, he has the right to continue to live on and enjoy the profits of any property inherited by his wife, as long as there has been 'living issue of the marriage'. If there are no children, the husband is 'out' and the property returns to his wife's family.

Sark, like most places in the world, has a vocal minority; an 'old Guard' which likes no change for the sake of no change. It was this vocal minority which most vocally persuaded the island parliament to defer a decision to go ahead with property legislation for wives.

An elected Deputy, a Sark woman, said that she had been married for years and was completely satisfied with the law as it stood. "If people come to live here and do not like the law" she thundered, "let them go back to where they came from".

The Women's Rights Committee assured the Chief Pleas that both the rights of dower and franc veuving would be protected under any new law, as would the inheritance laws of the island. Even these assurances failed to sway the majority of members of the parliament who, it might be forgiven for believing, seem to fear the results if wives are given freedom and identity apart from their husbands and could, if driven to extremes, leave the men flat, secure in possession of their own money and property!

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a woman in Sark who yearns for complete equality of the sexes, but there are many who would like to be just a little more equal. The 'ginger group' which presented the petition to the island authorities, has been biding its time in silence, content to know that a committee, authorised by the island parliament, was working to better the position of women in Sark. These women, and many others, are desperately disappointed that the parliament, led by the Dame of Sark, voted to defer consideration of its committee's report and recommendations until the autumn. The members agreed with the Clerk of the Court when he said that, at this time of the year in a farming community, there was not time for members to read all the papers circulated before a meeting of Chief Pleas.

Sark may be lucky in having no income tax, no death duties, no rates, no automobiles nor aircraft, but some of its wives wish it had some equality for married women.



*The Main Street in Sark*



# BATTERED WIVES FIND REFUGE.

Chiswick Women's Aid, the refuge centre for battered wives and their children, is expanding. Due to the publicity given to the centre, the plight of these women came to the attention of the Deputy Managing Director of Bovis International Building Contractors, Neville Vincent. Vincent, who started Amnesty International and Apex, the organisation for prisoners release, has bought a £30,000 house, near the old centre, for the women to move into. The publicity also pricked the conscience of the council who are giving the centre a £10,000 per year grant for 5 years, and the case of battered women has now been taken up in the House of Commons. Jack Ashley MP is raising questions in the House about how it is possible that in this day and age men continue to avoid punishment for physical cruelty to their wives and children.

The attitude of the social services to these women is negative, as Erin Pizzey, founder of Chiswick Women's Aid explains. 'Women themselves are very reluctant to talk about being beaten up, so there are no statistics of the numbers who suffer in this way. I know just from being here that it's happening to millions of women, but until there's a figure Sir Keith Joseph is prepared to dismiss the issue. At the moment if a woman walks out of her house with her children because she's beaten up, as far as the council are concerned she's left home voluntarily and is therefore not homeless. All the same, social workers and council employers send women to us; sometimes they come from the north of London, even from other parts of the country - they know there is nowhere else.'

At the moment Chiswick Women's Aid can offer refuge to

up to 35 women - it's only a two-up, two-down house, but the refuge and support offered is worth much more than palatial accommodation. In the new house they hope to be able to accommodate up to 20 mothers and 30 children; but as they will be in receipt of a council grant they will also be subject to council rules and regulations. For instance you can only have eight people to one loo. 'I think we'll probably have the grant cut off; the whole point of a women's centre like this is that you don't turn people away. It doesn't matter what time of day they come or with how many kids - there is just nowhere else to go.'

Erin would like to see the police in Britain have more power over such cases. At the moment the laws of trespass prevent the police forcing their way into a home, and even if they do come in the chances of the man being taken to the police station for the night are remote. In America the police tend to lock violent husbands up for the night - which at least gives the wife time to organise herself and the children before the next onslaught. One woman who came to the centre had had her head kicked in and her spine partially paralysed. The police prosecuted her husband, but the case doesn't come up for another year and in the meantime he's running around as potentially violent as ever, probably more so.

Chiswick Women's Aid still needs help. They need toys for the kids, clothes for the mothers, who usually arrive at the centre with no more than what they stand up in, and money to keep the place going. Any offers of help please contact Spare Rib.

The Albany Housing Scheme are thinking of trying to start a similar centre in Deptford. If anyone wants to help please contact Caroline Halliday, Albany, Creek Road, Deptford, SE8.

Rosie Boycott

# SEX BILL SOLD OUT.

June 29 saw the mortally-wounded Sex Discrimination Bill stagger one step further down the legislative path, but death seems certain by August. The fatal blow was inflicted on May 14, when Lady Seears's bill was returned to the Lords from committee. Carefully amended and strengthened after nearly a year of hearings and deliberation, written with the help of an expert (Sir Noel Hutton, retired head of the Parliamentary drafting unit), it seemed a remarkably healthy private member's bill. The establishment could heave a sigh of relief, for the Church and present single-sex schools were exempted from coverage. Conversely, feminists were delighted to find that the bill incorporated:

1. a class action clause allowing the Sex Discrimination Board to investigate without individual complaints.
2. a 'genuine occupational qualification' clause prohibiting discrimination on any grounds but ability.

3. a clause penalising both the advertiser and the publisher for single-sex advertising.
4. a clause prohibiting discrimination on grounds of marital status.

But no, the Government, in the person of Lord Colville, Minister of State for Home Affairs, applied the blunt instrument: It would oppose the bill, and bring in its own limited legislation at a later date. The current bill was set up for the kill because, in the Government's view, it was based on insufficient evidence from educationalists, it confused the future establishment of single-sex schools and colleges. So the Tories and the Civil Service would conduct their own enquiries and produce a consultative document by hopefully - but no promises, - summer's end.

Meanwhile in the Commons, William Hamilton's Select Committee on Sex Discrimination was getting a few hints of just what the Government had in store. In addition to Lord Colville's dire suggestion that the male-dominated and union-opposed industrial tribunals handle enforcement,



photograph by Angela Phillips



Sheila Scott flying over parliament during the demonstration



Home Secretary Carr came up with a few gems: like divorcing enforcement from conciliation, with the latter being the primary function of a toothless Sex Discrimination Board. Oh yes, and education didn't seem to be in the government's purview at all, as Mrs. Thatcher made clear by opining that virtually any challenge to the current staffing or intake prerogatives of British schools would be contrary to the 1944 Education Act.

Not surprisingly, the M.P.'s and Peers who have sweated over this legislation - including Labourite Joyce Butler who's now involved in the sixth private member's bill on the subject - did not greet these proposals with enthusiasm. Lady Summerskill (Lab.), who was a member of the Lords' Select Committee, suggested that Colville's speech turned the Lords (who after all voted freely to give the bill its committee stage) into puppets and future proceedings over amendments into a farce. Another member of the Select Committee complained of discourteous treatment: why send busy people off on a year-long paper-chase and then ignore their conclusions? And William Hamilton (Lab.), the sponsor of the Commons Sex Discrimination Bill, told this reporter that the Government's decision could delay legislation for a year or more. Nor was Hamilton sanguine about the chances for a really strong private member's (e.g. non-government sponsored) bill. So complicated is it to outlaw sex discrimination in the face of present laws which ENFORCE it, like the protective Factory Acts, that Hamilton would settle for a "bite of the cherry" - a Sex Discrimination Board with vague discretionary powers. Such legislation, he hopes, would at least outlaw sex discrimination in principle and thus forestall offenders.

But will we even get that? Lord Colville, twice invited to intervene in the June 29 debate completing the Lord's Report Stage, would only reply that the Government was making good progress in its own consultative document and certainly welcomed the suggestion of both Houses. He listened with interest as Lord Derwent (Con.) moved an amendment against the clause allowing the Sex Discrimination Board to act without Complaint. Both the Baronesses Summerskill (Lab.) and Seear (Lib.) and Lord Gardiner (Lab.) opposed this, noting that individual women were often justifiably reluctant to complain about their employers. The amendment failed, despite

Lord Monson's (Con.) awesome vision of a police state with agents in every British household frantically scribbling notes on sex discrimination. (Absurd, since domestic employment isn't even included in the bill). His Jeremiad against American successes in this area - "coersive liberalism in its most extreme form" - and even Lord Barnby's (Con.) fears that employers would be forced to hire "ladies with red hair" failed to prevail, and the Lords bill survived the report stage intact.

So what happens now? The afternoon of June 28th found Lady Seear in that old suffragette haunt, the Central Hall, Westminster, warning a mass meeting of women that the bill would be quietly dispatched later this summer. But the noble Baroness was not without a cheering word. The prospective Lords success - and the hundreds of petitions which that day's demonstration carried to the Prime Minister seeking his support for anti-discrimination legislation - made it very unlikely that the bill would be forgotten. It was now imperative, in Lady Seear's view, for women to pounce on the consultative document at publication and examine it in the same critical manner in which they surveyed the Tax Credit proposals.

With even the *New Statesman* warning that the Family Allowance issue has alienated the Government's female supporters, the Prime Minister would be well advised to ensure a strong Sex Discrimination Bill in the next Queen's Speech. If Her Majesty fails to pronounce the fateful words, angry British women might just come up with a little surprise - not another meek attempt at a *seventh* private member's bill, but a Tory defeat at the General Election.

**Mandy Merck**

Chemists in Kent were left with more than a ton of unwanted dangerous drugs and chemicals after a two week campaign in February to clear out family medicine cabinets.

The collection, worth £17,565, included thalidomide tablets, enough strychnine to kill everyone in East Kent, and concentrated acids in unlabelled beer bottles.

Barbiturates were responsible for more suicides and accidental deaths in 1971 than any other group of drugs. Out of the 3,000 deaths reported by the General Registrar Office, 2,000 were women.

## NAGGING

The recent pay settlement for nurses of £1 plus 4% was agreed after negotiating for a 40% rise. However, despite the fact that the actual rise falls way short of the original demand, the settlement in accordance with Phase II was reached without any fuss.

There are, however, some nurses who are not prepared to accept the pay and conditions, or the resulting degeneration of care in the Health Service. They called a meeting on the 6th April to which about 40 nurses from twelve different hospitals came, plus a few representatives from community nurses. Out of the meeting came NAG - the Nurses Action Group.

'NAG your way out of apathy'. 'We discussed many aspects of nursing conditions and the contributing factors, such as the gross misappropriation of funds, (you recall the Roche millions), private practice abuse. The immediate aims were obvious, - unionisation and growth of the group. With these ends in view we

decided on local action meetings to be held in each of the twelve hospitals represented'.

Some of the local action meetings have already been held and NAG are now working out concrete plans for further action. They need help and support from other nurses - anyone interested in finding out more should contact the Nurses Action Group Secretary, 333. Norwood Road, London SE24.



Cartoons by Mel Calman

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■ MOTHERS IN ACTION. Pressure groups for one-parent families. Monthly meetings to discuss current campaigns. Further details from: Pat Miller, Mothers in Action, Munro House, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG. Tel: 734 3457.

■ Womens Liberation Workshop desperately need new premises, anyone who can help please phone us at Spare Rib - 437 2070.

■ C.N.D. is it still going then? CND is alive and reviving. Subscribe to our monthly paper SANITY (£1 yearly, 5p per issue) and find out why, if you were with us in the Sixties, we need you *more* in the Seventies. Sanity, CND, 14 Grays Inn Road, London WC1.

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■ Sappho Magazine. Published by homosexual women for all women. Monthly 30p inc. post. BCM/PE-TREL, London WC1V 6XX. Meeting first Monday each month. upstairs Room. 7.30pm Euston Tavern, Judd St./Euston Rd., London NW1.

■ HELP START A NATIONAL WOMENS ADVICE AND INFORMATION CENTRE? Some preparatory work done by Womens Lobby, anyone with enthusiasm, ideas and time welcome to participate. Open meeting 10th Sept. 7-10 pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

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# APEX: 'WE BACK EQUAL PAY'

Apex, a union normally not renowned for its militancy is pursuing a militant campaign, within the limits of the law, for equal pay. They have been involved in the first major clashes over equal pay since Phase II reared its ugly head and Maurice Macmillan announced that the Government would refuse to exercise its powers under the Equal Pay Act to order 90% implementation by the end of this year. Instead, the Government has allowed, under Phase II, for equal pay claims that would reduce the differential between men's and women's rates by one third outside the £1 and 4% norm. This means that under Macmillan's 'orderly progress' towards equal pay some women won't reach parity by the end of 1975 unless there is a little less order and a bit more progress.

Acceptance of Phase II is acceptance of State controlled wages and any trade unionist should regard that as a retrograde step. Apex have accepted Phase II but at least, within that, they are making sure they get maximum benefit for their members and their women members in particular. Roy Grantham, their general secretary, explained "We looked at the legislation and whatever else it did it wonderfully concentrated the mind on the fact that now is the time to take up the equal pay issue. With the limitations imposed on general wage increases the members are saying for the first time that this is an issue they can really get stuck into. We have simply vetoed settlements that do not make progress towards equal pay." The current struggle at Salford Electrical Instruments (a subsidiary of GEC) is a case of the veto in action. The management offered a rise all round of £1.75 saying that it was the best that they could offer under Phase II. Apex refused the offer demanding that the £1 and 4% be calculated separately on the men's and women's rates which would have given £2.0 to the men and £1.70 to the women. They then claimed that the one third differential, allowed by law, should be calculated on the new rates which would mean the women getting a total increase of £3.70 and the men £2.0. Not surprisingly the management

didn't like it and the clerical workers marched out. A large factor, undoubtedly, behind the management's resistance to the claim is that the male rate is pushed as high as possible which will cost them far more in equal pay claims both now and later.

On the picket line the workers are showing a solidarity which is rare for an issue where the men stand to gain little and the women considerably more. Blanche Foy, a production controller earning £17.50 a week after 36 years loyal service to the company expresses that feeling and the disgust felt for the management. "The trouble is that the management has returned this loyalty with a kick in the teeth. I don't know why we have stood for it for so long, but we'll never stand for it again. I'm ashamed to say how much I earn. A man who does the same job earns £23, but that's much less than he should earn. The word clerical is being used as a piece of elastic to cover all sorts of jobs which aren't clerical at all. It's been really marvellous on the picket line, really solid. The men have joined us although they only stand to gain about 25p out of the strike. The only thing that has been going into the factory is in the boots of managers' cars."

The outcome of that strike may well be determined by a dispute which Apex have with J & J Cash Coventry. They applied exactly the same tactics but only had to threaten industrial action to make the company consider their claim sympathetically. At present the claim is being submitted to the pay board for ratification and if it is ratified it could directly affect other similar claims which are pending. Various other companies have settled equal pay claims on a similar basis, some without dispute and some, like GEC Turbine Generators at Rugby, only after strike action had been taken. The companies were probably taken somewhat by surprise by this display of militancy by clerical workers. Apex attribute their success partially to the fact that clerical workers are comparatively hard to find and therefore employers are more willing to concede rise to women in order to attract them to employment. Another factor in their success has been the willingness of men to behave like good trade unionists and support claims which give their fellow women workers more than them.

Some of the schemes Apex have negotiated are based on grading structures and job evaluation

## Born to Struggle May Hobbs

'If I was in Parliament, that would put me out of reach of the people I am trying to help, while it would suit a lot of the ones on the other side to see me muzzled by all their parliamentary procedures and compromises . . . So that is my work: Cleaners Action, working for the homeless, campaigning for the rights of young mothers and their children, and anything else where justice needs to be fought for in the face of reactionary governments, big business, bureaucracy and the parts of society which say they couldn't care less. If I am a militant it is what I see going on makes me into one.'

Fighting words from May Hobbs in *Born To Struggle* - her fascinating autobiography and her racy, real portrait of a working-class community in London's East End.

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schemes which provide many loopholes for employers to manipulate the evaluations. So women should continue to be wary both of their employers and their unions - and constantly monitor all claims relating to them.

There has been little news of equal pay struggles from other unions. Clive Jenkins announced at the A.S.T.M.S. annual conference that they would back to the full any equal pay claim submitted by their members. So far few claims seem to have been submitted. Other unions are curiously quiet on the subject.

Meanwhile the government and the employers are carrying on a campaign to contain and minimise the costs of equal pay. The employers try to keep their campaign confidential but fortunately memos, like the one recently circulated to GEC managers asking them "Can the job content be re-structured to make the work dissimilar? Can a recruitment policy help to eliminate the problem, if so how?", come to the surface. The Department of Employment is a little more public and a little less direct in their campaign of informing employers, many of whom are still ignorant, of their responsibilities under the act. Earlier this month they announced that they were sending out 400,000 booklets to employers and even Maurice Macmillan agrees that the message of the booklet is perfectly clear . . . get a move on with it and make sure you don't get caught out in Jan 1976 with equal pay claims pending. . . if you're cunning now you won't have to pay now or later.

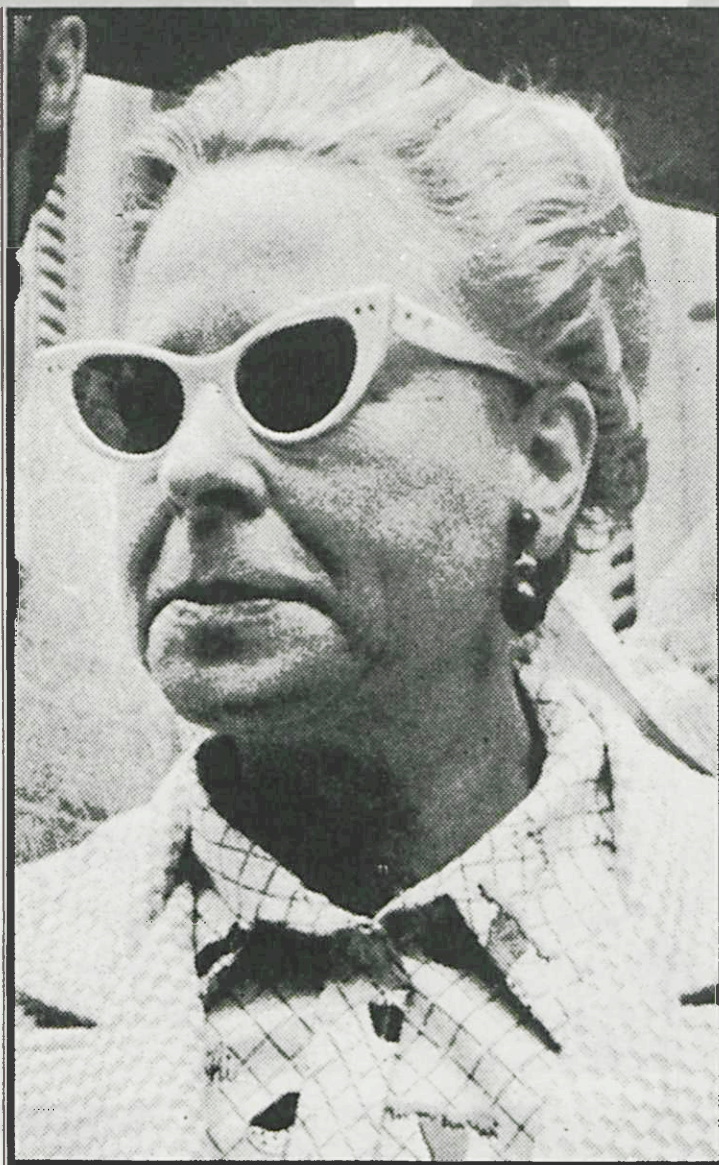
With that kind of campaign by the government and the employers its disgraceful that the T.U.C. haven't launched a powerful counter attack which challenges this government's pay policies.

*Sarah Boston*

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## WILL THE REAL MARTHA MITCHELL PLEASE HANG UP?

Being Martha Mitchell is becoming a popular American activity. In the last few weeks the American press has been plagued by two ardent telephoners both claiming to be Martha.

The first call received from the bogus Ms Mitchell was to the Time Washington Correspondent Bonnie Angelo. The caller identified herself as Martha Mitchell and went on to say that she was speaking from a booth in Washington where she was with John Mitchell. Airplane noises could be heard at the end of the line while she spoke. She declared that 'Magruder, Dean, everybody at the Whitehouse and Mr Nixon are all liars' and denounced the senate Watergate Committee Chairman Sam Ervin as a 'country hick from North Carolina - I could ask better questions than he does'.

Various slips gave the game away for the phoney Martha. Although the accent was Southern, it was slightly too whisky soaked to pass as the real thing. Anyone who has ever received a call from Martha knows she constantly denies drinking before phoning, but the imposter declared 'I am half drunk - I do drink a little bit. Why shouldn't I drink a little bit?' The bogus Martha also declared that she had attended a dinner the night before for Brezhnev, (Martha, the real one, had been in her Manhattan apartment), and that she was fond of Pat Nixon (it's a well known fact that the two ladies do not get on).

The real Martha has continued in her usual headstrong fashion to stir up the press and correct them when they harrass her too much. One night she beat up an Associated Press Reporter Judy Yablonky who was waiting outside her apartment to see if she could talk to Martha. The encounter ended when Martha's twelve year old daughter arrived home and escorted her mother upstairs.

## YOUR VOICE ON TV & RADIO.

The Minister of Posts and Telecommunications has set up a Committee on Broadcasting Coverage. Its terms of reference include "... to examine the Broadcasting Authorities' plans for the Coverage of television and sound broadcasting services in . . . rural England bearing in mind the particular needs of the people in those areas . . .". The Committee has extended an open invitation to all who wish to submit written evidence on any matter within its terms of reference, relating to the coverage of broadcasting services, and it hopes that there will be a full response to this invitation not only from official and other organisations but also from private citizens, since it is for the benefit of viewers and listeners that broadcasting services are provided. All evidence should be addressed to the Secretary, Committee on Broadcasting Coverage, 85 Whitehall, London SW1A 2NP to be received as soon as possible and preferably by 31 August 1973.

## CAMBRIDGE ACTION

On June 14th the various women's liberation groups in Cambridge combined to organise a Women's Day of Action. It was led off by a parade round the town by a Street Theatre Group advertising their performance which was to take place in the Market Square. They gave two performances in the town and a further one in the gardens of Selwyn College, to an audience of 200 students.

They acted four scenes based on a simplified role reversal - high powered executive wife and housebound husband. All the cliches - from the breakfast scene, to the male secretary, the male go-go boys and the final last-thing-at-night lament from the neglected husband were portrayed to enthusiastic responses from the crowd.

In the evening a Forum on Women in Higher Education was held in King's College. The Forum, to which about 80 people came, was based on open discussion about education with particular reference to Cambridge and the women's colleges. The problems and contradictions of the present situation of women in Higher Education were discussed; the economic position of women in society clashing with financial backing for higher education from industry.



# EXHIBITIONS.

## BRISTOL

The two women in "Bristol in common" describe their work: Lucy MacKenzie "Through painting and construction I enjoy being able to share my memories and dreams, my observations and discoveries, like sharing the intimate secrets of a diary." Gillian Pollard: "I am fascinated by water. The shapes within it's reflections and the many moods which it can convey. I am also fascinated by people and their reactions to water and life. In the swimming costume they assume a similar identity and are close to their most natural state."

At the moment I am interested in using printmaking as a medium for my ideas." Arnolfini Gallery 19 July - 31 August

## WALES

Brenda Chamberlein Memorial Exhibition. Brenda Chamberlein worked as both a painter and a writer. The exhibition includes manuscripts as well as paintings and drawings - some figurative works and some abstractions inspired by music. National Museum of Wales 21 July - 19 August

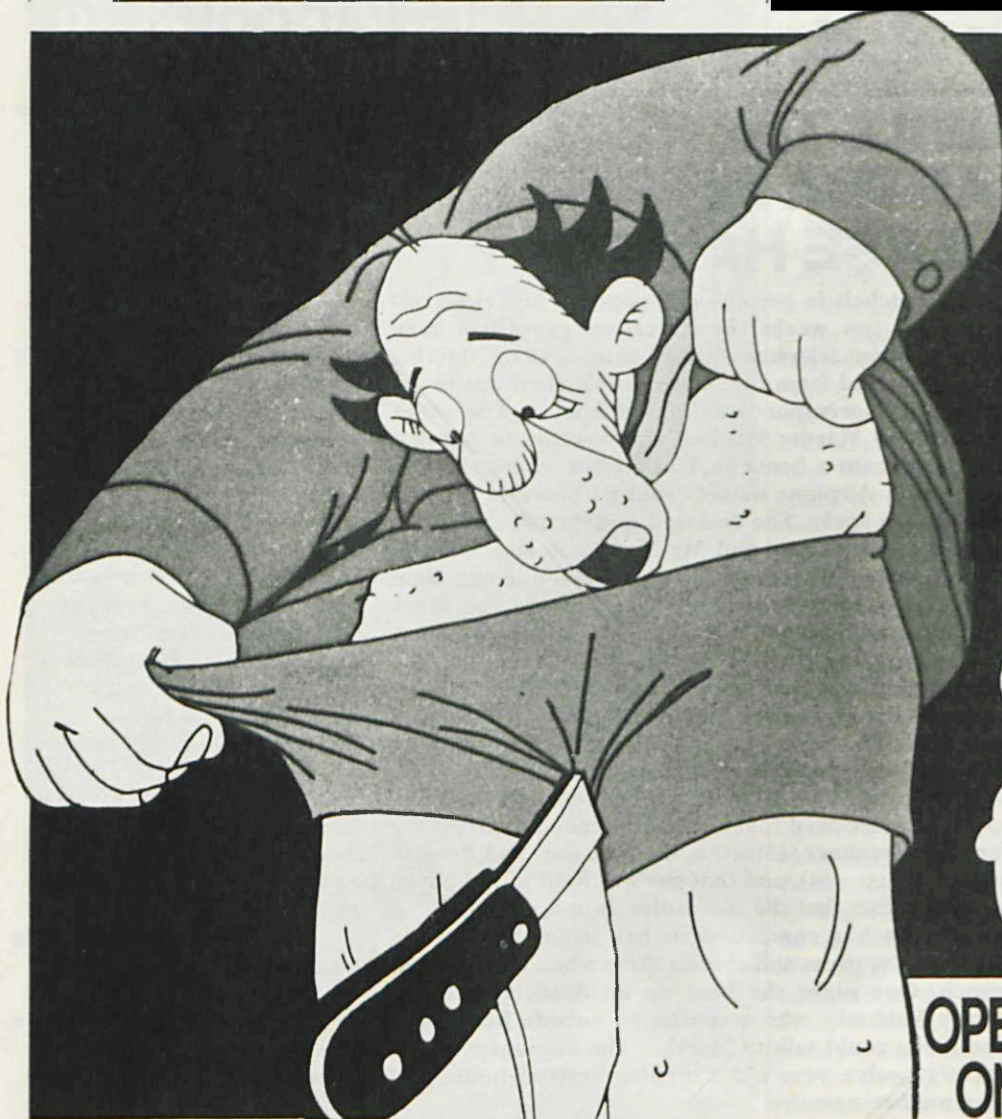
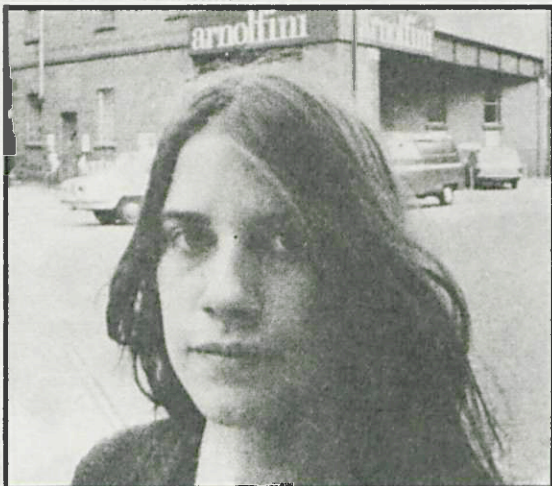
## LINCOLN

Gillian Gocking  
Mary Webb

Two consecutive so called 'three man' shows are acting as umbrellas for women's work; a situation familiar to women artists everywhere. Many women are thinking twice about exhibiting with predominantly male groups, saying that they would rather exhibit with women for women.

outside the commercial art world. However, the Lincoln exhibitions allow us to see the work of Gillian Gocking and Mary Webb. Gillian Gocking is exhibiting etchings at the Usher Gallery and in a later exhibition, Mary Webb is exhibiting paintings, water colours and silk-screen prints. Usher Art Gallery 7 July - 8 August  
25 August - 23 September

Lucy MacKenzie



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**Heavy  
traffic<sup>x</sup>**

**OPENS LONDON PAVILION  
ON THURSDAY AUG 2nd**



## TEESSIDE TATTLE.

Fathers with economic or emotional need are to be given free vasectomy operations on Teesside. This will be the first vasectomy service of its kind in the country.

The North Tees hospital management committee have agreed to the use of the children's hospital out-patients' theatre in Stockton. Pre-operative counselling, equipment, nursing and clerical services are to be provided by the family planning service.

Dr. Raymond Donaldson, medical officer of the Teesside Health Committee said that the service would be restricted to patients who were unable to pay, had large families and were living in poor circumstances when it began at the end of June.

A group of school children going a long way towards proving the accuracy of the "northern barbarians" tag are at Annfield Plain Secondary School near Stanley in County Durham. They conducted a survey of 200 people in Annfield Plain and found that 83 per cent favoured capital punishment. The findings were sent to Consett and Stanley MP David Watkins.

The poll showed that 80 per cent of the people interviewed thought birching would reduce vandalism and the same per cent believed deterrents for crime were insufficient and inadequate.

Headmaster Mr. William Collin, who supports the bring back hanging league, organised the survey and sent it to Mr. Watkins.

"At the beginning 28 members of the class of fourth formers were in agreement with hanging, two against it" said Mr. Collin. The children reflected the opinions of their adults until they read a copy of Hansard in which Roy Jenkins spoke against

hanging and many opinions were changed. Mr. Watkins followed up the survey with a talk to the fourth formers, he too is against hanging.

The manager of a Darlington betting shop is what you might call a real gentleman. Terry Chayter doesn't like to see his lady customers offended by bad language, pinch-ups and the occasional drunk, so he helps them to escape from the crowded smokey atmosphere of the main betting parlour by providing a "ladies only" room.

"Most women back the way the bookies like it" said Terry, "between 40p and £5. Forty pence is just worth bothering about but £5 is not so high for us to have a gigantic loss if they happen to win." Good thinking.

Not so good thinking from one of the regulars who admits she has lost £300 in six months. At 5p. each way that is an awful lot of bets but she works as a cleaner to eke out her pension. Next time you read about militant OAPs in the North East marching on their MPs and empty stomachs, remember Terry Chayter has one in captivity.

Teesside Consumer Group has been called urgently into action following reports by angry customers in the new Middlesbrough Cleveland Centre. Cries of "exploitation" rang round the palatial shopping precinct when the fiendish bacon buttie plot was discovered. One snack bar charges 9p. and next door they charge 13p.

Press investigations revealed that the rolls of both firms are the same size, the rashers the same quality and quantity, the only difference is the price. One firm insisted that their butties were superior because they were individually prepared (have you ever seen a bacon buttie machine then?) and serviettes were provided, but refused to comment further, regarding the case as subjudice.

Jean O'Keeffe

## SELLOUT.

# FREE EGGS WITH PETROL



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# KATE MILLETT

## 'I'M HERE TO SAVE SOMEONE'S LIFE!'

Kate Millett, author of *Sexual Politics*, came to England in June to try to organise support in this country to repeal the hanging sentence on Michael X. The press largely ignored the case - they, like the Black community, felt hostile towards Michael and indifferent to his fate. Before going to Trinidad Michael had lived in England and had founded the Black House. He had made enemies among both black and white people and was considered a con-man and a hustler who was working for his own ends. In the following interview Kate Millet sets out some of the facts of the case and it's implications.

I'm in England for one purpose - that is to try and save someone's life. Michael X will be hung in a matter of weeks in Trinidad for what the English public imagine is the murder of Gail Benson. But the murder he was convicted of was that of Joseph Skerrit. It's an interesting comment on racist society - the English public want him hung because they think he killed a white lady. But in fact he had no motive at all to kill Gail Benson and in Trinidad they know that - so what they did was to try him for the murder of a young black barber, Skerrit, who's body was found in his garden. The State's story about why Michael killed Skerrit is pretty silly.... it seems that Michael had told him to go and knock off a police station and take the guns & weapons - Skerrit didn't want to, so Michael killed him.

Michael had a lot of political enemies - he was threatening to the Dictator Eric Williams, who's been in power for 15 years. Williams used to be an idealistic young socialist - now he bans his own books. I like that touch.

There are a lot of similarities about the way this case has been used and the difficulties there have been about getting publicity, to the way the media has used women's liberation. It was like in the Angela Davis trial - they make you a star and then they can do anything. They can run you, control you, manipulate you, black you out, write you up and lie about you. And then with Angela I began to discover that they can kill you too. Angela was just a member of a Defence Committee and because she knew the Jackson family look what she almost ended up with - the gas chamber.

I'm used to it - when Time Magazine wrote about my bisexuality they not only tried to discredit me but also tried to make the whole women's movement incredible. They try to marshall all sorts of sexist attitudes. In Michael's case it's a bunch of blacks fighting for power in Trinidad. Here is a colonial country run by a dictator. The people who hang Michael will have black faces and white wigs. It's imitating your master.

We're not just underpaid, they have warped our whole sensibilities. So we go for each other... There was a case in Brooklyn - Alice Cribbins - who killed her children. Well, the first people who turned up at her trial to kill her were women. She'd fulfilled their fantasies, and their nightmares - everybody's afraid of their nightmares.

I'm very committed to liberation in terms of class, sex and race and to every form of freedom. I'm committed to Michael, I'm also committed to Desire, his wife, who's in Guyana with their three children, no money and they won't permit her in England - although the children have English passports. They have nothing left - their house in Port of Spain was fire bombed - the kids can't go to school because the people in Guyana are so down on them. They are 12 and 13 year old girls. She has another girl who was born the day after the sentence, I mean we are talking about people, how in the hell would you like to be in this situation? And this is what I learned about Angela's case - it could be you kid. The longer you fight for liberation the higher your chances are of being done. Not only to be framed into prison or into death but framed into dishonour, to be called a mouse or a rat or a mad dog.

Desire applied to come to England for a six month residence - this was on the 25th of May and I quote from the government letter to her. "You have applied for six months residence. Your application has been turned down. The Secretary of State has given instructions for you not to be given entry into the United Kingdom on the grounds that your exclusion is conducive to the public good.

You are not allowed to appeal against this decision as it was made by the Secretary of State personally."

You want to tell me this isn't a political trial - when even the widow-to-be can't come? She's trying to make an appeal to the privy council for Michael and she can't even get to see the lawyers who are all here. June 5th she tried again, just for a visit - the reply 'You will not be allowed entry to the United Kingdom for any purpose'. She tried again to come in with me, but wasn't allowed to.

It's the hideous combination of racism and sexism that permits these kinds of trials to happen. They know perfectly well in Trinidad that they can't charge him with Gail's death, yet the people here think he is guilty of her murder.

## Subscribe:

spare Rib

THE TIMES JULY 28 1972

Spare Rib is one such magazine, capable of creating its own following: This magazine aims at making good the deficiencies of more orthodox women's publications, will no doubt discover how powerful that orthodoxy still is; likewise

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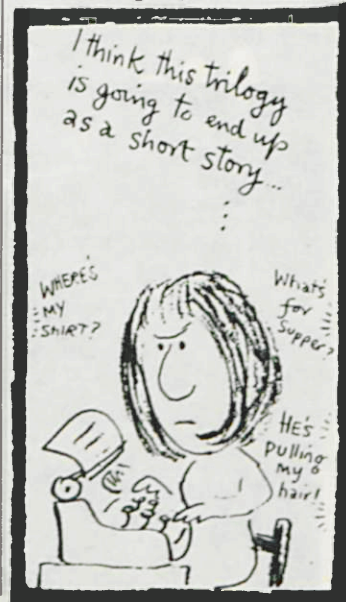
## A SMALL VICTORY.

A hundred workers at the Stimur Printing Works in Paisley, Scotland, 25 of them women, have been out on strike for equal pay and full pay for all at 18.

The strike began when the management tried to replace a screen cleaner, receiving full wages, with a young boy only earning 30p an hour. This led the workers to a realisation of how the management were using cheap labour. 'This applies to women as well' said a shop steward in the factory. A wage claim of £1.50 to start on May 1st, was put forward but rejected. An offer of £1.20, to start in October was made, but turned down by the workers. Further haggling and consultation resulted in an offer of £1.50 increase for women to start in October, with £1.00 the following May and a further pound by 1975. This would bring the level of women's wages up to the lowest men's grade in the factory.

## CORRECTION.

In the last issue of Spare Rib we reported that the Power of Women Collective was an offshoot of The Family Allowance Campaign. The collective is, in fact, a totally independent group which was set up to study and discuss wages for housework.





# OVERSEAS

## RED STOCKINGS BEFORE FIGHT FOR ABORTION.

In normally placid Denmark, a heated debate is taking place on the same issue that is drawing the attention of women in so many other countries . . . free abortion. Last November, the social-democratic minister of Justice, Mr. Axel Nielsen presented a proposal to the legislature which would institute free abortion for all women less than 12 weeks pregnant and would also provide free sterilisation for persons of both sexes over 25 years of age.

The new proposal has been supported by Denmark's Women's liberation forces who call themselves the 'Red Stockings', but opposition has surfaced under the leadership of pastors from the official Lutheran state church, in conjunction with religious young people who demonstrate by singing psalms and chanting 'Yes to life.'

Some doctors and nurses also oppose completely free abortion, on purely practical grounds, pointing out that such liberalisation of Denmark's abortion law would overload the gynaecologists so that those seeking treatment for infections or other 'real' maladies would suffer due to the 'whims' of healthy, but unwillingly pregnant women. Doctors also fear that if women are assured of free abortion they will cease to use other preventative means, thus raising the numbers which must be aborted in hospital. This tendency says the doctors has already been observed amongst women over 38 who since 1970 have had the right to abortion without the approval of special commissions.

The Minister of Religion, herself a pastor and mother of three children has declared herself in favour of the law on grounds of freedom of conscience, but the bishops of the state church do not agree, and in January of this year, published a document expressing their official disapproval.

Meanwhile, political parties are becoming involved on both sides, and once again, as so often happens, questions which very deeply affect the lives and happiness of women, become political ping pong balls,

resolved through parliamentary tactics and political bargaining.

## BEFORE A PERIOD.

The first sign of pregnancy is usually a missed period, but doctors say that, with the help of plasma injections, they can now diagnose a pregnancy three or four days *before* the next period was to have begun. This test, and many other recent medical advances which can aid in the precision with which a pregnancy can be identified were discussed at a recent congress held in Monaco. Over two thousand pediatricians, obstetricians, gynaecologists, pharmacists, mid wives, social assistants and others representing Belgium, Spain, Great Britain, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Poland, Switzerland and North Africa, attended the conference to trade news on the latest development in the early diagnosis of pregnancy.

Tests available for women to carry out themselves were also discussed, and although it was noted that there is a danger of 'false negatives', the participants in the conference generally felt that many such techniques were of high quality, particularly the generally under-estimated method of a woman monitoring her own changes in body temperature. The congress also urged however that despite the generally high accuracy of self-administered tests, that even when an abortion was contemplated, the women in question should consult a doctor as well, in order to confirm her own results.

## CASTRATION OF SEX OFFENDERS.

Some sex offenders in Australian prisons may soon be given the choice of castration to regain their freedom. A West German drug company has applied to the Australian government for permission to test a drug which effectively castrates a man. The drug, cyproterone acetate, has already been used in West Germany, Switzerland and Britain; and its use in Australia has been approved in principle by the Minister of Health.

The drug works by inhibiting the production of spermatozoa and blocking the action of androgen, the male sex hormone. A spokesman for the drug company says anyone virtually loses sexual libido while taking the drug.



-WYNNIE RAINE-



OVERSEAS COM

# DIRECTOR AT WORK, DIRECTED AT HOME.

For the first time in the 53-year history of the Turkish Grand National Assembly a woman has been elected to the deputy speakership. Deputy Nermin Neftci will be directing 633 men during joint sessions of the assembly and the senate, and at least 450 when presiding over the National Assembly meeting on its own. Nonetheless, the Ankara Daily News reassures us that Mrs. Neftci is 'directed at home by her husband', and also reports the anxious query of a reporter who asked the newly elected Mrs. Neftci that all-important question - what would she do if obscene words should be exchanged during a debate!

# TEY, TEM, & TER.

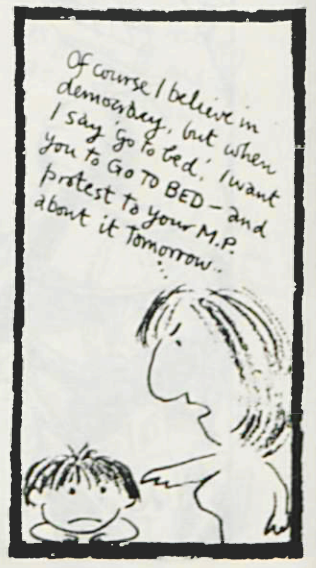
The student newspaper of Tennessee University uses genderless pronouns to avoid reference to sex. 'He' or 'she' is 'tey'; 'him' or 'her' is 'tem'; and 'his' or 'hers' is 'ter'.

Miss, Mrs and Mr, and even Ms, have long been banished from the pages of the paper. It's last name only.

# SWEDISH STRIP CLUB INVASION.

A well-known Stockholm strip club was recently invaded by members of the Swedish Women's Liberation movement. To the chant of 'Breast, Thigh, Flesh, Flesh, Flesh,' they unfurled a banner with the words 'Refuse Degradation Crush Capitalistic Porno Industry.'

Stripper Miss Kitty was most displeased. 'They didn't choose the proper way to put their views,' she said, 'it's impossible to change the tastes of the boys.'





# HOOKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

'Hookers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose except cop harassment'. Not just a bit of writing on the wall, but the slogan of a new union called Coyote. Coyote has been started in San Francisco by Margot St James for prostitutes. Ms St James says she is recruiting her organisation from the streets and jails because she wants to change the way society treats, punishes and stigmatises prostitutes. 'Prostitution is an essential service industry of the city, and some radical changes are now due. I myself,' she continues, 'have always loved sex. When I realised that I could get paid for what I'd been giving away free since I was 15, I became a hooker. You can work when you like - there's always 25 or 50 dollars to be earned'.

Ms James has been actively involved in the Women's Liberation Movement. Last year she led a demonstration against a group of topless dancers who left imprints of their naked bodies on wet cement.

Her plans for the union have met with terrific support from some of the more established sections of San Francisco society. The Point Foundation at Glide Memorial Methodist Church has given a grant of 5,000 dollars for the group to begin its work.

She also has the support of an advisory board of business men and authors, including Alan Watts. Herbert Gold, a member of the board commented that he had known Margot for 12 years. 'She is always working for a good cause and doing good things. The Prostitutes always take all the heat - Margot's organisation is talking about a basic transformation in society - the way we look at relationships between men and women.'

## WOMEN STORM HONG KONG HOTEL

A few weeks ago, four women walked into the grillroom of a leading hotel in Hongkong, sat down and ordered lunch.

Nothing unusual in that .. except that that particular grillroom is for "men only" at lunch time, and Hongkong is a place where women are very

much expected to accept their second class status meekly.

There is little equal opportunity in jobs, less equal pay. The Royal Hongkong Police Force employs some 600 women in the lower ranks, but the refrain of one of its recent recruiting songs ran:

It's a man's job,  
An important job,  
What would we do without him?

Until recently, women's liberation was something that people in Hongkong only read about, and even that was difficult, newspapers working on the theory that nobody was interested, therefore there was no point in printing reports of what women were doing overseas.

As one of the last jewels in the imperial British Crown, this far flung colony on the tip of China maintains a fine tradition of stalwart conservatism on most subjects, and especially, of course, the role of women.

Most of the 'tai tais' (wives - few single girls venture out here) throw up their hands in horror at the thought of work.

Few have any need to earn: expatriate colonial salaries for men are handsome, and usually include accommodation and a return passage home.

Servants are plentiful and comparatively cheap, so the average tai tai can - and does - devote herself wholeheartedly to coffee parties, bridge parties, dinner parties .. and breeding and being decorative.

There is a curious anomaly in comparing the situation of the local Chinese women, who have known a type of equality for centuries, and are commonly to be seen labouring on building sites, working in the fields, and humping heavy loads in the dockyards.

But they accept second class rating as people with complete passivity, so single European men in search of girlfriends rapidly find that Chinese birds are the answer to any male chauvinist's dream.

So, in March, several American women founded the International Feminists League of Hongkong. The event was fairly well publicised in the press and is still attracting members.

Then it was announced that a major bastion of reaction, the Hongkong Government itself, was moving towards a policy of equal pay .. but it won't happen till 1977 at the earliest.

In April, the Oxford and Cambridge Society of Hongkong (yes, such a society actually exists) admitted women for the first time to its annual Boat Race Day Dinner.

The decision to go co-ed was made at last year's dinner following a stirring speech by the visiting master of Christ's College, Oxford, Nobel prize winner, Lord Todd - and over the dead bodies of several male graduate pigs.

Although a number of members demonstrated their disapproval by boycotting the dinner, the meal ended with one of the 7 girls present being elected as vice-president and another as social secretary.

But the old traditions die hard: the four girls who gatecrashed the 'men-only' grillroom were stiffly informed by the hotel's resident manager that:

"It is not so much a question of keeping women out as preserving an atmosphere. Hongkong is the Wall Street of the world, and if men want to discuss business undisturbed, they have a right to be able to do so".



# RAPE T.V. STYLE.

Rape, one of the most popular American crimes, has now been turned into a morning TV show in Chicago.

There are 10,000 rapes a year in Chicago alone - which does justify it as a media topic. The programme, entitled The Rape of Paulette, examines the experiences of three rape victims and offers advice on preventing such occurrences.

One victim, Paulette, is a young black mother of three children. Another woman, 74, was interviewed only hours after she was raped.

One of the points that the programme strongly brought over was that most men who commit rape have a very good chance of getting away with it. Only one rape in ten is reported and in the cases that are brought to court, 'You'd think the victim was the person on trial', to quote a Chicago Attorney.

The programme also deals with the unsympathetic treatment from the police and the judges based on the age old myth that a woman can't be raped unless she wants to be raped. Countless American, and no doubt British, husbands seem to share this opinion, judging by the high incidence of divorce following the rape of a wife.

There are film clips of street defence classes in churches, interviews with policemen who say women should fight back and with psychologists who say resistance is dangerous.

Maybe it isn't BBC material, but at least one establishment organisation is taking the issue seriously.

## ALL THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO WAIT!

A 60 year engagement has now ended with the marriage of Senor Miguel Corrales, 83 to his 73 year old long-time fiancée. The parents of the two had been opposed to the marriage.

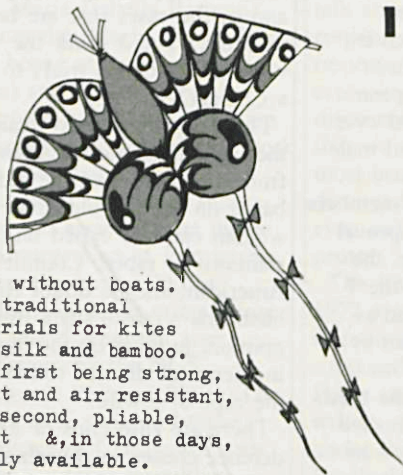




# SPARE

**O**n the ninth day of the ninth month, the Festival of Ascending on High in China culminates in a national school and work holiday, when kites of every conceivable colour and shape soar up into the sky. At the end of the day, one is supposed to let go of ones kite and let it carry away all the evil, sickness and bad luck with it. Custom dictates that if you should find a kite that has fallen back to earth, then you must burn it, evil and all. Kites have been swooping and soaring in the skies ever since bamboo and silk got together, which someone has amazingly dated as being around 2600 B.C.

They were an integral part of primitive religious ceremonies, in the Eastern world; protecting the rice crops, warding off the evil spirits, carrying messages, serving as danger signals, and even widely used by fishermen who



were without boats. The traditional materials for kites are silk and bamboo. The first being strong, light and air resistant, the second, pliable, light & in those days, easily available.

## MATERIALS

The basic structure is some form of stick or wire, held in place with string and glue, and covered in an air resistant paper or fabric.

### STICKS.

They must be light and evenly balanced. It helps if they are also pliable, and must be so for bow kites.

Batons, or wood dowelling are the most commonly used. (3ft kite needs 1/4" diameter, a 6 to 8ft kite 1/2".)

Bamboo, best used split lengthwise with a knife, beware of uneven balance.

Garden sticks, (or 'pea' sticks)

### PAPER.

For small light kites,

Tissue, rice paper, crepe paper,

Small to large kites: brown paper, newspaper, wrapping paper.

### FAERIC

Silk, closely woven cottons, lining materials. The main consideration being air resistance and weight.

### PLASTICS.

Old plastic bags, polythene (light weight) and any plastic wrapping can be used, but must be stuck with Scotch tape and special paints are needed for decoration.

Polystyrene tiles, especially good for box kites, but you have to cut it with a hot knife, and use a specialist glue, or cement.

### BINDING-TYING.

Button thread, thin string, or nylon cord are all suitable. Wherever you tie or bind, add a dab of glue. All the swoops and dives, and sudden gusts of wind can loosen and cause the tightest knots to slip.

### GLUES.

For paper, ordinary paste occasionally reinforced with brown sticky tape. Evo-stik or Bostik are all purpose and reliable.

For fabric, you really have to sew it, but can get away with neat stapling onto the wood, if you have a staple gun..

### GENERAL RULES.

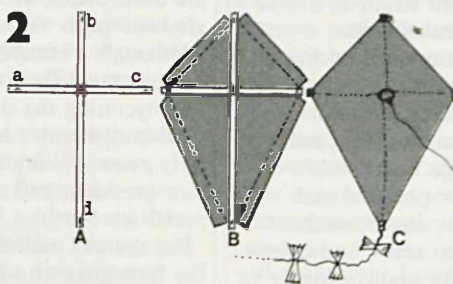
The lightest kite is the most successful in an average wind. The larger 6 to 8ft heavy kites need strong gusty winds.

Balance is essential. Not only should you mark very carefully the centre of your sticks, but also test them first by balancing them on a pencil, or knife. Sand or shave off any excess weight.

Avoid sharp edges, that will not only cut your thread, but will tear the paper or material.

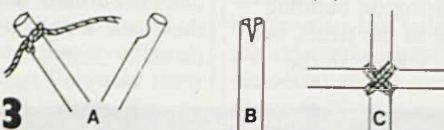
Reinforce all corners with Sellotape. Flapping edges will pick up the wind and set the kite off course, or tear off the cover.

## TYPES OF KITE



### flat

The quickest and simplest to make. From the basic structure of this kite innumerable designs and variations can be experimented with. Select your two sticks, mark the crossing points, check the balance. Cut notches for the string as (A), and bind and glue together as (C).

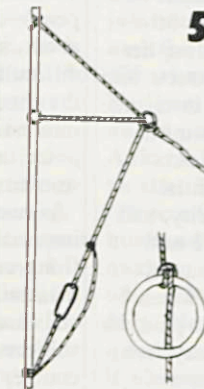


Attach the string from tip to tip to form the shape, adding a dab of glue to each knot.

Lay the framework on your paper and cut round as (2B) about 1" wider than the frame. Cut away corners to allow the sticks to protrude to 1/2".

Paste or sew down the overlap. Attach the tail which acts as a stabilizer to the flat kite and keeps it on course. Make the tail from the same material as the kite. Cut strips of about 8" by 2" and tie onto your string 'tail' at about 8" to 1ft intervals. It is important that the strips are all equal length and weight and that they are spaced equally too. With a small light kite, a paper tassel will be as effective. Make your tail 4 to 5 times the length of the kite (you can always chop a bit off if it seems to be dragging too much) The tassel should be tied on with string the same length as the kite.

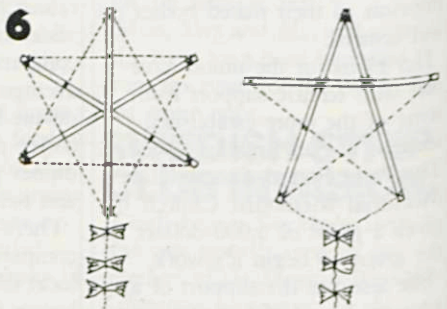
**SIDE VIEW OF FLAT KITE.** showing how to attach the kite to the towing line, with the BRIDLE. With a flat or bow kite attach a three or four leg bridle depending on the shape. In 2A the length of the string should be equal to 'a' to 'b' to 'c' from side to side, and the vertical string equal to 'b' to 'c' to 'd'. They should pass through the curtain ring as shown opposite.



**5** This flat kite has got a self-adjusting bridle by including an elastic band in the vertical string. This allows for sudden gusts of wind. The band should be used with a loose loop of string, as shown, in case of breakage or over stretching. Use a strong, stout band. The insert shows the correct method of passing the bridle through the loop, to the other side.

### DIFFERENT TYPES OF STAR KITE.

Note the way of attaching the tail in the six point star and the five point star. Also the 5 point uses less cane or bamboo, so will be lighter, but it has less surface area to offer to the wind.



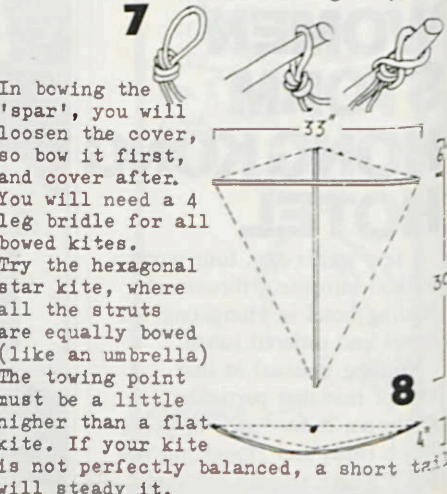
## bow

Bow kites don't need a tail, as they are steady enough without, or should be, if well balanced. A large one flies better than a small one.

Basically it is the same as the flat kite, only with one or more of the struts curved like a bow.

You must use pliable sticks, such as thick cane, soaked in water.

Either notch one end, slot in a nylon cord and then slip the other end into a similar notch. Or tie as shown below. For a 36" strut, use a string of 33".



**7** In bowing the 'spar', you will loosen the cover, so bow it first, and cover after. You will need a 4 leg bridle for all bowed kites.

Try the hexagonal star kite, where all the struts are equally bowed (like an umbrella) The towing point must be a little higher than a flat kite. If your kite is not perfectly balanced, a short tail will steady it.



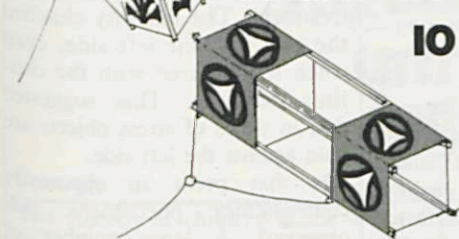
# PARTS

Stephanie Gilbert

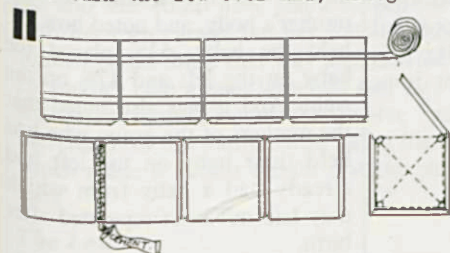
## box



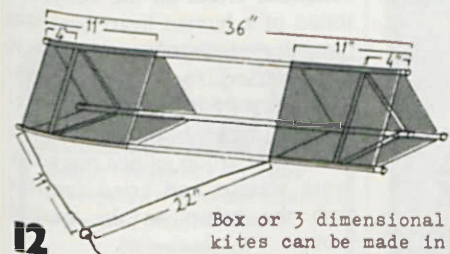
The first European aeroplanes were based on the box kite structure. The simplest is the square box (Fig 10) You will need four



equal lengths of bamboo, cane or dowel rod. Fasten them together with string as in (12B) Then cover with cloth or fairly strong paper. This is a larger kite and as such  $\frac{1}{2}$ " struts should be used and the balance is crucial. Glue and tie the struts, and brace the square with string across the centre. Polystyrene tiles make excellent box kites. Use the 1ft sq tiles, Tape them together in a row on the outside (11) then turn the row over and, using



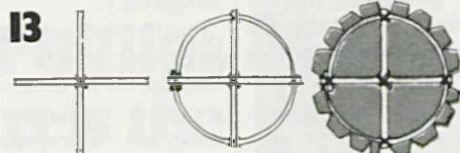
the correct cement glue the mitered edges together to form the box. The bridle on box kites is usually two leg and is attached from the top corner of the kite, to the top corner of the lower box. It should be equal to four times the length of one square. The triangular box kite (with wings Fig 9) has to have wooden braces inside for it to retain its shape. Every join must be bound and glued securely. The wood traces make the kite heavier, but allow for smoother air flow through the kite by dispensing with the string cross brace.



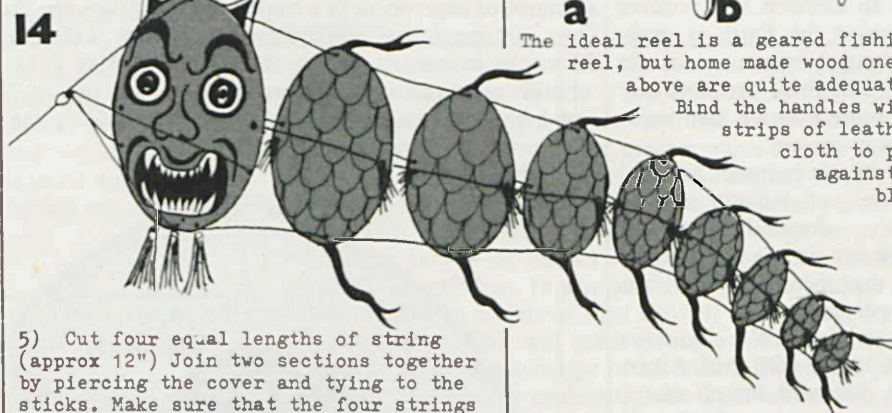
Box or 3 dimensional kites can be made in practically any shape.

Hexagonal section, using six sticks, Basket weaving cane for a barrel shape and each can have wings or fins added as in Fig 9. With all box kites, they must be as LIGHT AS POSSIBLE, YET RETAINING STRENGTH. THE AIR-FLOW THROUGH THE STRUCTURE MUST BE UNIMPEDED. A STRONG TOW LINE IS NEEDED. The Covers must fit tightly and neatly - any bagginess or flapping edges will set it off course or cause it to drop.

DRAGON KITE... This is not the simplest kite to make or to fly. You can of course start with just three or four sections, graduating in time to the famous chinese centipede kite that can be up to fifty foot long, needing a team of people to control it.. It is really a series of flat kites, decreasing in size and joined together at equal distances. For each section:

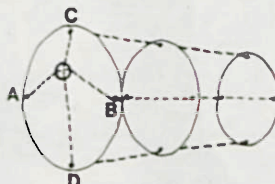


- 1) Glue and bind two thin sticks at right angles, and at the CENTRE.
- 2) Use either wire or cane for the circle. Overlap & bind the ends to each other and at all four points of the sticks. Allow the sticks to protrude about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " from the circle. If using cane -soak it in water for an hour, till pliable.
- 3) Cover with paper, cutting the 1" overlapping edge as shown, and paste down, or stick with tape.
- 4) Make any number of further sections in decreasing sizes. Attach thin strips of paper top and bottom, and paper tassels to the sides. Attach onto stick ends.



- 5) Cut four equal lengths of string (approx 12") Join two sections together by piercing the cover and tying to the sticks. Make sure that the four strings are EXACTLY the same length or the kite will not fly correctly.

- 6) To attach the kite to your line you must make the bridle for the front section. Cut two pieces of string



the length of A to C to B. Loop through the curtain ring and attach one to A and B, and the other to C and D. The curtain ring must be secured about a third from the top, as shown.

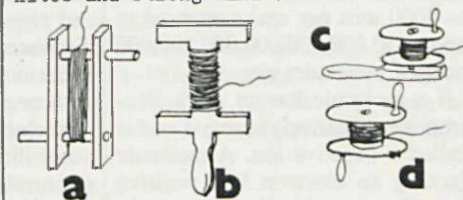
## FLYING

It is no good expecting your new kite to rise up smoothly on the wind, the first time.. Very few do. You will need to experiment, adjusting the tail and bridle. Choose a clear day with a steady breeze and if possible the windward side of a hill, a flat field clear of trees, or a beach. If the wind is actually bending the tree tops, then it is too strong for most kites. LAUNCHING.

Stand with your back to the wind and offer the kite to the wind. If it is a steady breeze then gently toss it into the air, letting out a small amount of line. If it continually drops to the ground then there is not enough wind

for your particular kite. If it rises but goes round and round in quick darts it is likely that the bridle intersection is too low. If it is a tailed kite that rises sluggishly, try shortening the tail; if it rises but darts around, then lengthen the tail. When launching, do not let the line out too quickly or it will lose it's buoyancy. With box kites you should not toss them into the air, but stand them upright, with the bridle edge facing you. From a few yards away pull gently on the line tilting the kite towards you and the wind. It should start to rise slowly if there is enough breeze. TOW LINES.

A point is reached where the weight of the line is such that it will hold the kite down. Therefore you are looking for thin, light, yet strong line. String or nylon/terylene cord will do, but the best is nylon fishing line. A line of 25lb breaking-strain will serve a three to six ft kite, but a shark fishing line is needed for larger kites and strong winds.



The ideal reel is a geared fishing reel, but home made wood ones, as above are quite adequate. Bind the handles with strips of leather or cloth to protect against blisters.

## PRECAUTIONS

- Never fly a kite with a wet line
- Never use a wire line. (Both these conduct electricity and even if lightning is not imminent your line could cross a high tension cable.
- 200ft of line is the legal limit in Britain..more than that is especially dangerous near an airfield. Legally you should be 4 miles away.
- Wear gloves if flying a large kite, as the pull of the line can cut or burn your fingers.

PYRAMID Kite, covered on two sides only. Add a long paper tail. Tie bridle from (A) to (B).

Below, the CARP kite. Two sheets of paper glued at sides &

held open at mouth. by loop of wire. Flies best as runner up tow line of another kite.





# YOU'LL GET A CHARGE OUT OF THIS.

We are breathing in ions all the time. Changes in the amount of ions or the type of ions we breathe may have a remarkable effect on us. Depletion of ions in the air of our offices and homes could explain a wide variety of human problems from respiratory diseases to depression and anxiety.

Ions are electrically charged molecules. Gas molecules in the air can become ionised when they are exposed to enough energy so that an electron is forcibly ejected. This happens naturally because of radio-active substances in the Earth's crust, collisions with cosmic rays, and lightning. Ions can also be created electrically.

The number of ions in normal air is relatively small; only 1500 to 4000 ions per  $\text{cm}^3$  compared to about 30,000,000,000,000,000,000 normal molecules per  $\text{cm}^3$ .

If a molecule has an extra electron it is negatively charged and is called a negative ion. A molecule lacking an electron is a positive ion. Because the Earth is negatively charged, negative ions are repelled and there are normally slightly more positive than negative ions in the air.

When the air becomes polluted the balance of ions in the air changes drastically. One measurement in San Francisco showed that there were less than 50 ions per  $\text{cm}^3$ .

In an article in *New Scientist* (June 14 1973 p.668) Prof. Albert Krueger discussed the effects of air ions on humans, animals and plants.

In experiments where the number of ions in the air was controlled, scientists have found remarkable effects on plants and animals. When exposed to high concentrations of negative ions the higher plants (oats, barley, lettuce etc.) grew 50% faster; silk worms hatch earlier, grow faster, spin earlier and spin heavier cocoons; rats learn faster, and mice which had been infected with flu virus had a better chance of recovery. Scientists have also shown that given the choice, mice definitely prefer negatively ionised air.

More basically, other scientists have shown that air ions cause physical changes in the adrenal, pituitary and thyroid glands; all important hormone producing glands.

The effects on humans reported by Dr. Krueger are also dramatic. As long ago as 1939, three Japanese scientists showed that

decreasing ion levels while keeping other properties of the air (temperature, humidity, etc.) constant caused symptoms such as depression and perspiration. Russian space scientists recommended that the air in space capsules should be ionised to levels of at least 2000 ions per  $\text{cm}^3$  for the comfort and well being of the astronauts.

The effect of the 'ill-wind' (known as the Föhn in Germany, the Sirocco in Italy and the Sharav in the Near East) seems to be a product of ions in the air. Israeli scientists observed that the day before a Sharav some people experience "sleeplessness, irritability, tension, migraine, nausea, oedema, palpitations, dyspnoea, hot flushes with sweating or chills, diarrhoea, tremor and vertigo." They measured the atmosphere and meteorological conditions and found that the increase in the ratio of positive to negative ions was the only factor which coincided with the nervous and physical symptoms. They also discovered that Sharav sufferers experienced relief when treated with negative ions.

Quick to explore the commercial possibilities, the Swiss conducted a controlled experiment in a bank. Over 300 employees worked for 30 weeks in an area where the ratio of negative to positive ions was high. The same number of

employees worked in untreated air. During this time, the number of days lost because of respiratory illness in the untreated group was 16 times as high as in the group exposed to an excess of negative ions.

Medically, negative ion treatment has been used to treat burn patients. They seem to heal faster and experience less pain and infection. Argentinian psychiatrists claimed favourable results in 80% of the cases of psychoneurosis and anxiety syndromes under negative ion therapy.

Finally, a discouraging note. A large scale benefit from negative ions cannot be achieved as long as we have pollution in our atmosphere. The presence of airborne pollution makes any attempt to ionise the air futile. Ion generators can restore the balance of ions in the air in enclosed spaces but even this is ineffective if the air is polluted - by cigarette smoke, for instance.

## LEFT HOLDING THE BABY.

Scientists recently revealed an instinct in women intact and unaffected by the age of technology. Glancing through glossy art books Lee Salk (*Scientific American* May 1973) noticed that four times out of five Mary is depicted holding the infant Jesus

against her left breast. The Madonna sparked off a series of experiments and observations to determine on which side women hold their babies and why.

First he determined that modern mothers still tend to hold their baby on the left. Of 255 right-handed mothers, 83% held the baby on the left. And out of 32 left-handed women, 78% held the baby on the left. As a control women were watched emerging from supermarkets carrying baby-sized packages; the bundles were held with no side preference.

Then, dental patients were given a large rubber ball to hold during treatment. The majority clutched the ball to their left side, even when it interfered with the dentist's activities. This suggested that in times of stress objects are held against the left side.

At that point an apparently contradictory phenomena was observed. A large number of mothers who brought their premature babies to a follow up clinic were seen to hold their babies against their right side.

So, 115 mothers who had been separated from their babies for 24 hours after birth were observed for holding response. The experimenters presented the baby directly to the midline of the mother's body, and noted how she held the baby. 53% placed the baby on the left and 47% on the right. And it was also noted that the mothers of the group who had held their baby on the left had already had a baby from which they had not been separated after birth.

The author suggests that "the time immediately after birth is a critical period when the stimulus of holding the baby releases a certain maternal response." That is to say, she senses the baby is better off on her left.

Left handed holding enables the baby to hear the heart beat - a sound associated with the security of the womb. In order to discover whether hearing the heart has a beneficial effect on the baby, the sound of a human heart beat was played to 102 babies in a New York nursery for 4 days. A control group of babies was not exposed to heart beats. The babies in the beat group gained markedly more weight and cried far less than the babies in the control group.

## IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Dr. Patricia Sarbella has raised four dark cornish cockerels from eggs laid by virgin hens. The hatching of Parthenogenic chicks has been recorded before but none have hitherto been reared successfully to fertile adults.



Four out of five Madonnas hold Jesus on the left



# Facts about custody.

## Angela Phillips unravels the legal tangle.



### Custody

The custody of children is one of those problems which complicates an already disintegrating relationship and can become the subject of long and vicious wrangles between parents. It is often the children who suffer most, tossed to and fro in a sea of emotion which they don't understand and can't control. The more desperate parents use the custody issue to score points off each other. . . 'I'll show you, I'll prove to the world that you were a lousy mother/father.' Stereotyped attitudes held by the courts and solicitors often make things worse. One woman I spoke to admitted that she would have been almost relieved to stop fighting for custody and let her husband take the children. At least he would have given up hassling her and she would have had a longed for opportunity to continue with her own career; but her solicitor was unable to grasp that a woman could think that way and insisted on continuing the fight. In another case a man who had had care and control of his children for several months before the divorce was refused custody in preference to the mother who had a history of mental disturbance which made it almost certain that the children would end up in 'care'.

### The Law

Laws of custody cover every child from birth until they are 18 years old. Every child is the legal responsibility of either its father, its mother, or the state.

**Father:** The father of a legitimate or adopted child is its legal guardian unless the mother, or the state, go to court and get custody transferred to themselves. This would only happen if there was a separation or the parents were considered unfit.

**Mothers:** An unmarried mother has legal guardianship over her children unless they are adopted by someone else or taken into care.

A married mother does not have guardianship of her children unless she goes to court and obtains a custody order.\*

**What does Custody Mean?** Within an ongoing marriage or other

relationship guardianship is not of much importance because both parents are held legally responsible for their children's well being. In most cases either parent or the guardian of a child can give or withhold permission for most things. One exception is Visitors' passports. Only the father or the parent who has custody can sign a form for a visitor's passport for a child. If there is any disagreement between parents about such things as choice of school, religion or medical care the father's decision would be upheld in common law. Disagreements of this kind are only likely to come in front of a court after a separation when a custody order is applied for.

### Separation

If parents decide to separate they can come to a mutual agreement about who should have custody of the children. In this case they can simply leave the legal question until the divorce when it would be included in the petition. If the mother wants to keep the children and the father does not contest the custody she may still want to go to court for a custody order to regularise her legal position. This is particularly advisable if the parents are reluctant to communicate and/or the mother wishes to get regular financial support for her children. In this case the mother should go to a solicitor (be sure to ask about legal aid). He will arrange for a hearing in a court. This will entail getting a custody order, and a maintenance order (a percentage of her husband's income paid for each child). If this is not contested there is no reason why custody should not be granted. Once custody has been granted to the mother she takes over complete legal responsibility for her children and the father is granted visiting rights. In some cases the judge might even grant 'Care and control' to one parent and custody to the other (or both parents).

### Divorce

The situation is much the same in a divorce. If the parents have agreed on custody arrangements and can provide a reasonable description of the provisions they have made for schooling, housing, and visiting rights there is no reason why those decisions should be over-ruled. These details should be filled in in the space provided on the divorce petition or, if you are not conducting your own case\* See Spare Rib No. 13 the solicitor will fill it in as you direct him. If by any chance the judge doesn't agree with your arrangements you will have to discuss it with him in private session after the court hearing and work out a different scheme.

### Fighting for Custody

If you don't agree over custody either at the first separation stage or at the divorce you will have to be prepared for a legal battle. In this case the help of a solicitor is vital. Both parents would in this case apply for custody, either in the divorce petition if you are doing the divorcing or in the 'acknowledgement of service' if he is doing the divorcing. You will then have to fight it out in front of a judge who makes the final decisions. While a divorce is in progress (it can take several months) the children would normally be allowed to stay where they are. The first thing to remember is that the court is going to make a judgement for the children's welfare, not

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yours. The opinion of the court is, roughly speaking that you have made your beds by marrying in the first place and its job is as far as possible to stop the children from suffering. Judgement can be swayed by a number of things which I shall go into later. There are several legal stepping-stones which can be used before the divorce actually comes up and which will in fact affect the outcome.

### ***Making the Children Wards of Court***

This is a fairly drastic action and is really only necessary because women do not yet have full legal rights over their children. If a father wants to take his children out of the country he is within his legal rights to do so. He could get them a regular passport and there is nothing a mother could do to stop him without going through the long procedure of getting a custody order. (The passport office will not issue a passport if there is an objection lodged either by the father or by the mother *if she has legal custody*). If her children are taken abroad she is likely to be faced with the very costly business of fighting for custody in another country. There is really only one way to tackle a situation in which you suspect that your husband is going to take the children abroad, and that is to make them wards of court. This can be done for any child up to 18 years old. You should contact a solicitor immediately (emergency legal aid is likely to be forthcoming). She or he will make an application to the court. After this everything happens very fast. The children will become the legal responsibility of the court and neither of you will be able to take them away without the permission of the court. The judge would award 'care and control' to one or other of the parents.

### ***Injunctions***

If you are suffering from harassment by an estranged partner he can be restrained by having an injunction served against him. This is again something that can happen very fast on your solicitor has agreed to take action for you. One woman felt it was 'like some sort of machinery grinding into action which prevented me from even talking to my husband, but at least the machine is giving me some peace.'

An injunction is a court order which prevents your husband (in this case) from pressing unwanted attentions on you. Depending on the seriousness of his behaviour he can either be prevented from coming near you at all or can be restricted to limited visiting rights to see the children. If you wish to get an injunction served you must have very good reason for it because your husband is going to be asked to turn up at court at very short notice and probably undefended. Once he has had an injunction served for harassment, (mental or physical) his chances of getting custody would be considerably reduced and he would be imprisoned if he contravened the order. A solicitor would only be prepared to take this action on your behalf if he really believed that you were suffering or that the children were endangered, again the children's welfare is of paramount importance.

An injunction can also be used to rehouse the mother in the marital home. This would mean that your husband would be forced to turn over the family home to you and the children. Custody would be awarded at the same time. This can also affect the final custody arrangements because there is a tendency for judges to look with favour on the parent who has had care of the children immediately prior to the divorce. A woman who has been forced to leave her children with her husband because of the impossibility of finding alternative accommodation might well be seen to have deserted them and this would obviously affect the final judgement.

### ***Divorce***

The next step is actually taken at the time of divorce. Custody arrangements can be worked out either before or after the actual divorce and the hearing will always be in private. A great many different factors are taken into account and in most cases a social worker attached to the court will visit both parents and, if they are old enough, will talk to the children as well. This is the crucial phase because a judge's decision can be affected by many things including prejudice, tradition and conservatism, as well as concern for the children, both on his and in the social worker's report. It is more or less assumed in most cases that young children are better off with their mother but if their mother happens to be living in a commune with a hairy hippie who has no visible means of support,

she is likely to be frowned upon by the social worker. The average court social worker's report is based on two interviews and if you don't happen to be feeling up to the mark at the time judgement may go against you. The report is supposed to be unbiased they simply list the criteria for and against both parents but obviously bias, like love, is in the eye of the beholder. The report can be picked apart and used to uphold the judge's preconceived ideas, as in the case of a man who was refused custody mainly because he didn't immediately rush to comfort his child when it cried. One area of prejudice which has caused a great deal of pain is the general attitude of the establishment to homosexuality. If either parent is known to be homosexual they are unlikely to get custody no matter how well they have looked after their children and how much they love them, I have in fact been told of one case when a woman was warned that her children would probably be taken into care if she didn't promise to live apart from her girl-friend more or less permanently.

In cases where social workers have already been involved with the family prior to the divorce they are likely to get a more detailed report based on such criteria as; commitment to the children, emotional attachment and ability to cope. One social worker I spoke to said; 'We certainly don't frown on the idea of the father looking after the children. It may be the only alternative to a life in care which is about the worst thing there is', but she added 'It's hard to be an unsupported mother but it appears to be harder to be an unsupported father'.

It may be considered necessary in some cases to put the children into the care of the local authority. This is an unpleasant alternative for just about every one involved and it is a complex subject on its own so I will leave that area until next month.

\*Much of this law is to be changed in October when the 'Guardianship of children bill will become law. This will mean that in the future married women will have joint custody of their children. It will not however affect divorce.'■

# **JEAN RHYS**



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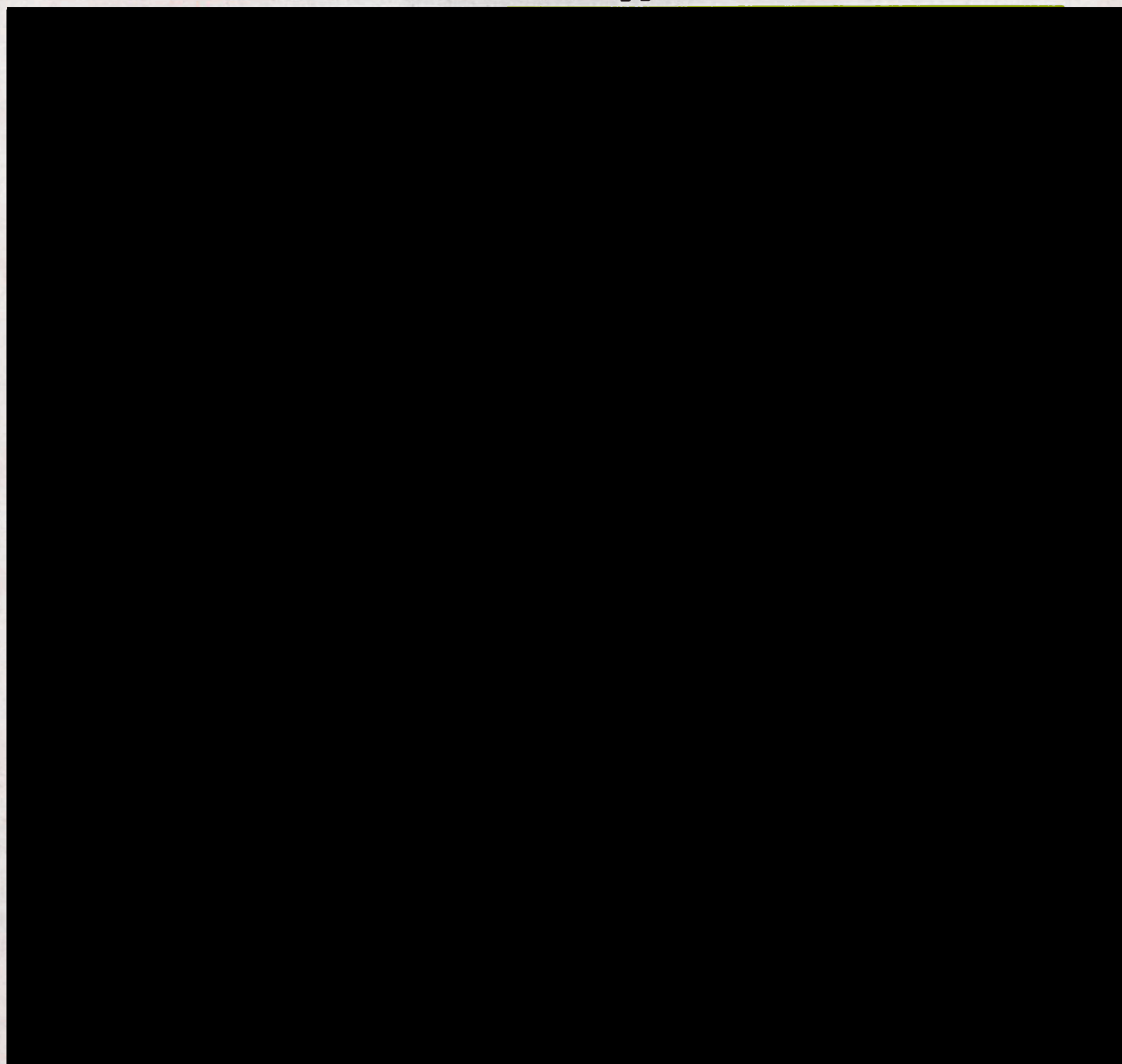
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**What does 'women dressing for other women' really mean?  
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to be obsessed with appearances.**



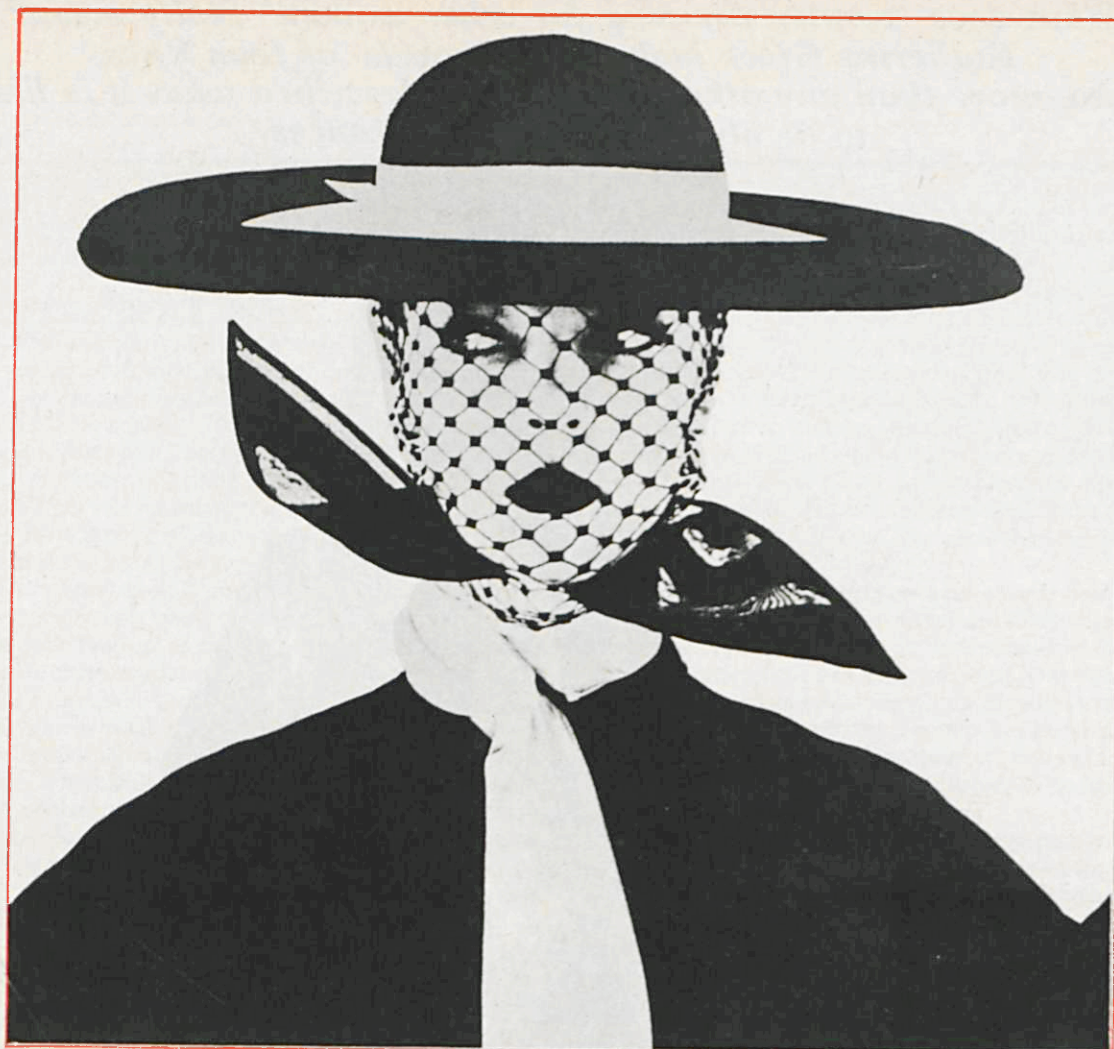
## AN OBSESSIVE PREOCCUPATION.

Jean Rhys started writing in the 1920's and 30's; *The Left Bank*, a collection of stories, appeared first, in 1927, and during the next decade or so four other books followed, the last, *Goodmorning Midnight*, in 1939. But her most widely known novel was produced in 1966: *Wide Sargasso Sea*, the supposed early life of Rochester's mad wife in *Jane Eyre*. Bronte had made her a white West Indian, and Jean Rhys, herself the daughter of a Creole woman and a Welsh doctor, was brought up in Dominica. In providing a history for the wretched woman she draws on the vivid experience of her own Caribbean childhood. It compares starkly with the earlier books, probably as her experience in England compared with her life in lush Dominica. She came here at sixteen to be educated and spent a term at RADA, but then her father died and she had to fend for herself in the perilous world of touring chorus girls, artists' models, and mannequins. The characters in her early books reflect her own precarious life. They live on the edge of destitution, in drab Paris hotel bedrooms, grey boarding houses in northern towns, and in Bloomsbury (not yet fashionable), they drown their misery in pernod and *fine*, and find comfort in the tube of veronal on the bedside table. Her grim experiences have given her a painful but magnificent insight into the emotions of women, a knowledge she demonstrates in stories about women who live on the edge of respectable society trying to avoid complete disaster and degradation.

Her heroines are waifs who, in the desperate fight for survival, search for the right man to make them respectable. This explains their obsessive preoccupation with appearance. They are forever thinking about the way they look, checking make-up, matching clothes. When she writes 'Then the chestnuts flowered and the girls walking along with linked arms began to discuss their new clothes endlessly. 'ma robe verte . . . mon costume gris . . . ' one has an impression of the whole world of women thinking of their appearance, in hope that a man might find them desirable. Their dreams and whole personalities infused with a desperation to be sought after.

Their absorption with looks is more profound than a particular response to an individual, it isn't just a case of putting on a face for the evening, it is a whole way of thinking about themselves and about each other. With man-made eyes they place each other in the market for the only important commodity. In *Voyage in the Dark*, Anna, drifting into prostitution, watches her more brazen friend: 'she seemed very tall and her face enormous. I could see all the lines in it, and the powder trying to fill up the lines, and just where her lipstick stopped and her lips began.' And in *The Lotus* there is a cruel, uncompromising picture of a woman trying to disguise the fact that she is past it: 'she was a middle-aged woman, short and stout. Her plump arms were bare, the finger nails varnished bright red. She had rouged her mouth unskillfully to match her nails, but her face was very pale.'





Black and white a fashion portrait by Penn from *The World in Vogue*

The front of her dress grey with powder.'

The hopeful future too is seen in terms of looks. In *Mixing Cocktails* a girl dreams: 'The afternoon dream is a materialistic one . . . It is of the days when one shall be plump and beautiful instead of pale and thin: and perfectly behaved instead of awkward . . . When one will wear sweeping dresses and feathered hats and put on gloves with ease and delight . . . and of course one's marriage: the dark moustache and the perfectly creased trousers . . . Vague that.' Interestingly it is typical of Jean Rhys's stories that, though she writes about a world orientated totally towards men, the moustache and creased trousers are remote. Men, when they appear in her stories are not well defined, indeed they are often interchangeable with each other: sources of income and security.

In this distorted world where men judge women by their looks and women judge men by their cheque books it is not surprising that relationships should be vicious and unhappy. In the end the women submit, their need for men is so desperate; but Jean Rhys appreciates with great understanding the conflict in her heroines, the way they are conscious of their position and try to fight against it. She describes it brilliantly.

**Q**uartet, about Marya, an English girl whose Polish husband is sent to prison while they are in Paris, is the story of what happens to her when she is taken up by an English couple who, saying they will take care of her, in fact devour her between them.

The husband, Heidler, falls in love with her, and, in a sense, she with him: she loves him for his strength and comforting size, like an anchor. But he will have her on his terms, he will have her play the game and keep up appearances for the sake of propriety. The wife collaborates, she is content to feed Heidler's desires as long as she can keep a hold on him, and Marya perceives Lois's servility, 'she hated her eyes of a well-trained domestic animal.' Lois has long ago given up the unequal fight against Heidler, but having done so makes a virtue from it, she submits to him with pleasure and pride: 'You know I hate myself made up. I don't think it's my genre, as they say here. But H.J. likes it. And I always give way to H.J. I give him what he wants until his mood changes. I found out long ago that that was the only way to manage him.' She suddenly looked complacent, smug and very female and added: 'H.J.'s an autocrat. I can tell you.'

Marya finds herself becoming servile too, she is horribly aware of

how she is being used. But she can't resist his power and watches herself as her ability to fight gradually ebbs away: 'he was forcing her to be nothing but the little woman who lived in the Hotel du Bosphore for the express purpose of being made love to. A *petite femme*. It was of course part of his mania for classification. But he did it with such conviction that she, miserable weakling that she was, found herself trying to live up to his idea of her.'

**W**hat is striking about Jean Rhys's writing is not situations she writes about (the melancholy left bank is well known novel material), nor perhaps even her characters, who are memorable primarily for their great sadness; but because she is acutely aware of what is at stake in relationships between men and women. She does not absolve women from responsibility, but she is clear how heavily the odds are stacked against them.

It is not only heterosexual relationships which are poisoned with 'that perpetual hunger to be beautiful and that thirst to be loved which is the real curse of Eve'. The whole situation is a hideous one, relations between women are poisoned too. Marya is crushed between Heidler and Lois; and in *Vienne*, a short story, the double enemy is plain: 'Men have spoilt me - always disdaining my mind and concentrating on my body. Women have spoilt me with their senseless cruelties and stupidities.' Jean Rhys sees women's relations with each other as resulting almost always from their need for men, but the relationships are not of straightforward competition. There is an ambivalence: women are partners in desperation, and experiencing the same problems, they understand each other. Lois and Marya weep together about the brutality of men, they confide together their pleasures; but in the end this delicate understanding is wasted and lost in the vicious fight for men. 'It was comical of course, and degrading. They were like two members of a harem who didn't get on.'

There are rare moments of optimism. In *Vienne* a woman watches a Hungarian peasant girl draw water from a well: 'I imagined that when she glanced at me her eyes had the expression of some proud wild thing - say a young lioness - instead of the usual antagonism of one female looking at another.' Here one sees possibilities for the future. But Jean Rhys herself has no hope, her books and stories end with despair, loneliness, and disaster. She describes the old world at its very worst, for her heroines there is no way out; but she describes it with a brilliance and clarity which makes one aware of just what it is we are trying to escape from.



# Why is liberation an emotional struggle?

*Carol Morrell talks to two women who could not throw off their feelings of dependency.*



photograph by Angela Phillips

Ann has been depressed since she was a child. She cut relations with her family and came to London to work. She developed a lesbian relationship and depended heavily on her girlfriend. The girlfriend began seeing a man, finally abandoned Ann, who spent 2 weeks completely alone in the flat. Soon after that, things became completely unbearable. Ann feared she might commit suicide and phoned the Samaritans. On their advice, she agreed to see a psychiatrist on a regular basis. At her second visit, the doctor, the Samaritan, and the Mental Welfare Officer were present to tell her she was being committed to hospital. ▶



*In the case of an emergency admission to hospital, the emergency application may be made either by a mental welfare officer or any relative of the patient. One medical recommendation is required, stating that the patient is suffering from mental disorder of a nature or degree which warrants the detention of the patient in a hospital under observation (with or without other medical treatment) for at least a limited period; and that he ought to be so detained in the interests of his own health or safety or with a view to the protection of other persons. The doctor must have seen the patient within three days before making the application, and the patient may be detained in this case for only three days.*

*(Mental Health Act summary)*

## Ann forced into hospital

Terrified, not understanding, resisting, she was forced into the ambulance and held down: when they reached the hospital, another struggle ensued. She submitted to a medical examination. Her clothes and possessions were taken away. The primary confinement was for three days: three days in a hospital gown, three days before she was allowed to reach a telephone.

*A patient may be admitted to hospital under observation or for treatment, for a period of 28 days for the same reasons as stated above, on the recommendation of two medical practitioners. The application for such admission may be made by either the nearest relative of the patient or by a mental welfare officer, but must be supported by the 2 medical recommendations. One of these may be made by a practitioner on the staff of the hospital. This is usually the case when an emergency admission is to be extended to 28 days. Both doctors must have seen the patient within 14 days before the recommendation is made.*

*(Mental Health Act summary)*

Ann describes her 28 day stay in a flat voice. She feels the attitude of the hospital staff was "inhuman". The patients were made to keep the ward tidy and to behave well, under threat of having privileges refused. Ann was lucky, perhaps: others 'under section' (that is, involuntarily hospitalized according to The Mental Health Act, 1959, Section IV) underwent ECT twice a week against their expressed desire. The only emotion Ann shows now is an involuntary shudder when she describes other girls screaming on their way to receive ECT. Ann was given large doses of tranquillizers, which made her eyes blur, her tongue thicken, her balance fail. She was still forced to participate in Occupational Therapy and ward cleaning. When someone finally realized she couldn't talk because of her swollen tongue, her dosage of tranquillizers was reduced.

During 28 days, she saw a psychiatrist three times. The first interview was difficult. The doctor was foreign, his accent difficult to understand. He kept asking her if she was deaf. The second interview included a group of student nurses and other doctors: Ann was being observed. Everyone asked her questions. All she could do was ask for a glass of water, to ease her swollen tongue. At the third interview she learned she would soon be discharged. She went back to her job, still on tranquillizers.

*After the 28 day period, the patient may be detained for treatment for a period of one year, upon the recommendation of two practitioners. The patient may apply to a Mental Health Review Tribunal within the period of six months beginning on the day of admission, or with the day on which he attains the age of 16 years, whichever is the later.*

*(Mental Health Act Summary)*

## Sees more psychiatrists

Since then, Ann has seen various psychiatrists. One suggested that Ann enter hospital voluntarily. She visited it and found it congenial, the nurses and doctor kindly. She finally agreed to enter this hospital, but stayed only a day before running away. The good atmosphere wasn't enough to overcome her fears of being involuntarily detained, or of being forced to undergo ECT. With an increased dosage of drugs, she knew she could be made passive.

Ann's present psychiatrist has given up on her because Ann also refused to be a day patient. She didn't like the condescending atmosphere of the new hospital that was suggested. Ann goes to her GP to get her drugs once a week. She is now maintained on 5 separate tranquillizers, anti-depressants, sleeping pills and contraception. The contraceptive tablets are superfluous, as Ann is a lesbian, but the doctor doesn't trust her. Her attempts to stop or reduce her drug intake have been spectacular: tears, temper, confusion. She couldn't cope alone with such a drug withdrawal reaction. She says she is hooked now. When she requested analysis, she was told there weren't enough analysts on National Health to go around. She says, "I've just given up now, get my drugs from the doctor, and that's it."

Ann is a sick woman. Each of the psychiatrists she's consulted have agreed on that. They have called her manic-depressive, schizophrenic, and suffering from personality disorders, according to each one's particular theoretical orientation. Even without labels, it is clear that Ann is not functioning normally. Was she this helpless before she was put under section and started on drugs? Ann believes she needs help, but has kept the will to accept only the help she wants. She has formed a lesbian relationship with an older woman, who tries to find ever new psychiatrists for Ann to consult. The most recent one, after talking to both Ann and Mary, sent Ann out of the room, and asked Mary what she saw in such a listless creature and did Ann have lesbian relationships before contacting Women's Liberation? Ann won't be seeing him again.

Ann has found attention, and a certain power over her friend and lover, through increasing her weakness. Is it necessary for doctors, social workers, hospitals through using force, condescension and drugs to reinforce this common feminine syndrome? Ann regards



herself as helpless, the doctors who see her refer to their stereotypes of femininity, and agree. She is put on drugs which both objectively and subjectively reduce the amount of control she has over her own life. This situation enables Ann to appeal for even more sympathy and attention, to increase her manipulation of other people's responses. It is a vicious circle whose continuation depends on Ann being helpless.

### **Recognising need for help**

**We all need help, from time to time. We all need love and supportive friends. We need to live and work in a situation in which our self-respect and our self-reliance are encouraged. Without such a context, we will become, or remain, helpless dependent creatures.**

At recurring points in our lives, the familiar meshing of feeling and doing turns into a harsh grinding of gears. We know what we want to do, but feel we're not achieving what we could, that something is holding us back. Main force of will is not helping the situation. One of the ways to sort out conflict is to join others in a self-discovery process. Trying to analyse yourself by yourself often leads to getting bogged down in even more confusion. For this reason, the many so-called 'radical' or 'self-help' therapy groups are excellent. They can provide a safe context among peers, the supportive presence of others, and some techniques you can learn to use. They are not designed to cope with more severe sorts of derangement, but then, neither is the individual analytic session. How do you know how much help you need?

One of the assumptions of traditional psychoanalysis is that we none of us know how sick we are, that the causes are buried too deep for us to know about consciously, and that we'd be well advised to leave the diagnosis, analysis, and cure to people who know more than we do about ourselves. We can decide what we want and need. One of the first things we need is information. Another is, to like and trust ourselves enough to insist on getting and doing what we most want.

### **Consciousness raising not enough**

The Women's Self-Help Therapy scheme began about a year ago. Three groups were formed which are still meeting regularly. The word 'therapy' has unpleasant associations for many people. It seems to indicate that we need, for some reason, to be re-moulded. Let's leave out the 'therapy', and concentrate on the 'self-help'.

Consciousness-raising groups are designed to help women to understand their own lives in a social and political context, and can be very supportive in themselves, but there is a point beyond which they usually can't help. They are not intended to deal with the distress that often goes with making important changes. For women, growing up in this society means losing more and more of our abilities to know what we feel, to express thoughts and feelings and to make independent decisions. We've learned to accept roles, values and rules for feminine behavior. Taking responsibility back into ourselves hurts. We've learned that it's someone else's fault, or that we need to depend on a more competent person, or that we should follow the group's decision - whatever group, whatever decision. The first feeling we notice when we attempt to take responsibility for our decisions and actions is loneliness. Then fear and anger. The way we cope with beginning to be ourselves will affect the rest of our progress.

### **Joan rejects independence**

Here is an example of the conflict between wanting to take responsibility for oneself and fearing to do so. Joan continued teaching young children for several years after her marriage. She joined a consciousness-raising group when she began to feel dissatisfied with her job and marriage. She felt bored with teaching children; her husband, who had continued studying after they married, had left her behind. He had a good job and occasionally brought interesting people home. Their sexual life was non-existent. As Joan began to realize through the group that her conditioning was just like the others', that as women they faced social prejudice and had fewer opportunities for education and careers, she became depressed. She began to quarrel with her husband. He thought women's liberation was simply silly. After all, he reasoned, "if you want to go back to college in order to get a better job, we can afford it now: go ahead." The women in the group talked to Joan about taking the initiative too. Soon, Joan became pregnant. She left her job: one problem solved. But she also realized what had now happened to her life. She had exchanged the boring job of teaching children for the job of bringing one up. She quarreled violently with friends and group members and finally couldn't handle her emotions. She found a therapist, whom she consulted with her husband for six months. At the end of that time, she would have nothing to do with women's liberation, and had made herself into a 'super-mother'. A year later, she was pregnant again, still quarreling with her husband. Joan developed an obsessive concern for her children. She was dramatically over-protective towards them, and hostile to anyone who didn't show a lot of interest in each of her babies' actions and functions. All else in Joan's life had failed: this role of mother couldn't be another failure.

The vital point is, at the moment Joan's emotions indicated she really needed to make changes in her life, she handed decision-making over, yet again, to somebody else. A woman can get satisfaction from independent work or creative effort, with or without a family. The therapist, it appears, fostered the mothering feelings in Joan to the exclusion of everything else. She didn't get enough encouragement to fulfil her own needs which were beginning to surface. She transferred her dependent feelings onto her children and lives through them. Now they are dependent on her and don't get on well with other children. Her husband feels guilty and resentful about her continuing unhappiness. Joan maintains a unique position of power in yet another nuclear family.

The decision to find help is, broadly speaking, self-help, if the decision is made responsibly and with knowledge. We need to know what therapeutic alternatives are open to us - privately, on the National Health, and within the growth movement or what is called 'radical therapy'. More specifically, we need to know and feel at ease with the theories of the therapist we consult. Different people have different needs and not all therapies can help all people. To go to a therapist, full stop: is almost always the wrong solution. Good therapy always aims at giving the client space and support to find her own best direction out of distress, and to realize her own self with all her potentials more fully.

*In future issues, Carol will write about various sorts of therapy available and look at what they offer, or fail to offer, to women. Next month she tells you more about self help.*



# MAKING W.A.R. (WOMEN ARTISTS IN REVOLUTION)

*Right in the centre of the art school structure someone is fighting for the recognition of the real worth of women artists. Roselee Goldberg, who organises exhibitions, and events at the*

*Royal College of Art, is building up documentation on the history of women artists as well as collecting material on contemporary women with a view to starting seminars on women in the arts at various colleges.*

*For the past two years she has visited America, lecturing and viewing contemporary art, and with each visit she has become increasingly impressed with the activity amongst women artists throughout the USA. Next Spring she hopes to bring to London an exhibition of 26 women artists. Here she describes her impressions during two trips to the States.*

*When did you first go to New York*

RG In September '72 when I already had some idea of the activities of the women artists. But it was not until I had spent some time in New York that I began to understand the difficulties confronting the women, and the strategies employed by them to pressurise art 'management' - curators, critics, journalists (male and female) - into considering sexism in the arts and acting against it. *Did you go to the meetings of any of the numerous women artists' groups in New York*

RG The first meeting I attended was at the art critic Lucy Lippard's loft. I expected a handful of friends meeting to discuss the Autumn's activities, but instead I arrived at the loft to find it full of at least 50 women. There were two hours of discussion focusing on the imbalance of women artists on the staff of art schools. Strategies were discussed as to how to force the institutions into employing women in the same ratio as the student female/male ratio which is about 55%.

Previous to that meeting, various women artists had toured institutions suggesting that the students withhold fees until they were promised more women

teachers. Three of the artists at the meeting, Alice Aycock, Mary Miss and Jackie Windsor had just been invited to join the staff of two art schools. Although they feared that they were token women with no hope of security of tenure, it was clear that they had been employed as a result of student pressure.

*Some people believe that groups of women artists in England could follow the same strategies that have been used by American artists. After all, W.A.R. (Women Artists in Revolution who started the active protest in 1969) was formed within the Art Workers Coalition, and there are obvious parallels with the Women's Workshop within the Artists' Union over here. (S.R. no 13)*

RG Yes, but there are important differences between London and New York. The New York art world is a community in itself centred around West Broadway and moving to Max's Kansas City bar in the evenings. I think this is important because women had to confront the male art world both in the galleries and socially. Max's was not the place to arrive alone at midnight, but gradually the women have moved in there and use the nightly meeting place to expose their arguments.

*Have the confrontations led to any changes in galleries' treatment of women. Didn't the Ad Hoc Committee of Women Artists come into being specifically to pressurise the Whitney Museum.*

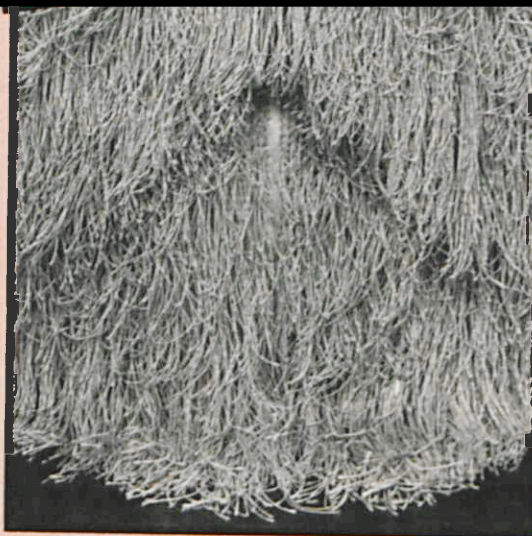
RG Yes, the march on the Whitney in protest against the nearly all-male Whitney Annual exhibition has resulted in many more women being included in subsequent shows. But the real problem, so often stated, is whether or not women should even attempt to join the present system. By asking for full recognition as artists, and by demanding that museum personnel examine sexism they are calling into question the very criteria by which these institutions work. I think women are responsible for everyone's greater awareness of the galleries' selection procedures and the issues involved.

*The series of all women shows in the States demonstrated the artist's belief in and support of each other's work, but how far are the shows successful in drawing people's attention to 'unequal opportunity' in the arts.*

RG The show "Twenty six contemporary women artists" at the Aldrich Museum Connecticut was only reviewed by the Village Voice; now all the magazines are dutifully covering the major women's shows. Although criticism often lapses into



Jackie Windsor 'Double Bound Circle'



Brenda Millar 'Abscissa'

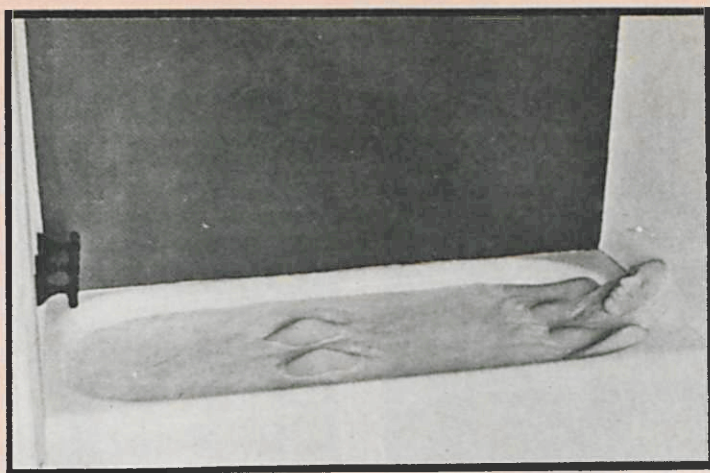
"Yes (there has been a change in women's art). The change, I think is due to an end to isolation; as artists we were all

isolated from each other as well as from the men. Our work is developing faster, probably because of feedback, or perhaps we are seeing more of it.



## WOMANHOUSE

Womanhouse was a project undertaken by women in the Feminist Art Programme at The California Institute of The Arts. The programme was run as a team teaching experiment by Judy Chicago and Miriam Shapiro, "ideas and energy spark off from one teacher to another" (Miriam Shapiro). They abandoned the traditional authoritarian teaching structure and Womanhouse was a collective project for teachers and students. They collaborated in making an exclusively female environment according to the programmes aims which included "helping women build their artmaking out of their experiences as women". Together they renovated an old house (one of the goals of the project was to teach women to use power equipment, tools and building techniques). Then each woman used a room of the house to develop her fantasies and dreams surrounding the home. "The old age female activity was taken to fantasy proportions. Womanhouse became the repository of the daydreams women have as they work, bake, clean, sew and iron their lives away"

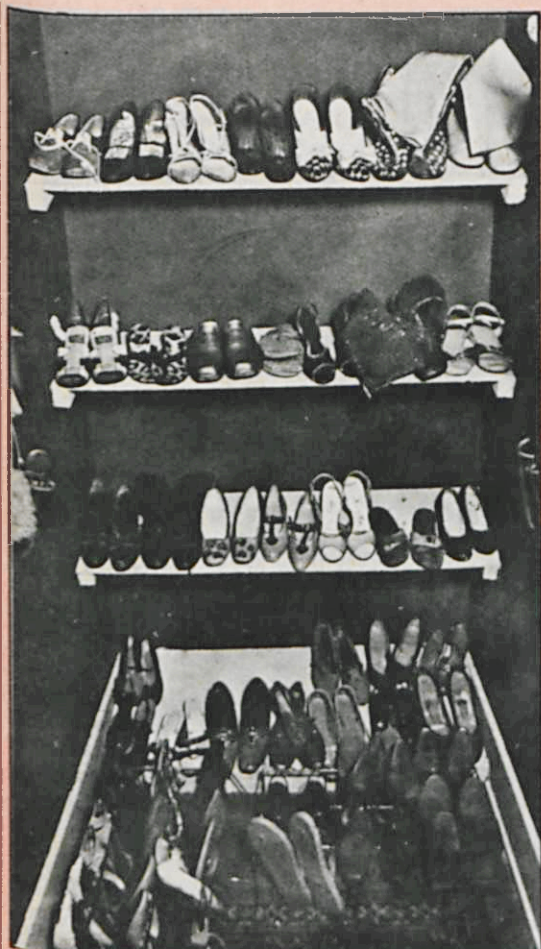


### Nightmare Bathroom?

**Robbin Schiff**

"Even though the bathroom can be a refuge and a private place I have always been afraid there. It is not a rational fear. It may stem from the fear I had in childhood of being sucked down the drain with the water, the ritual of confronting my nakedness, staring at my face in the mirror, the fear of being intruded upon. I wanted to convey the idea of vulnerability. The woman in the tub is made completely of loose sand. Sand is able to take a shape and retain

its vulnerability at the same time. By the end of the show she was eroded by finger prints." (Womanhouse catalogue)



### Shoe Closet.

**Beth Bachenheimer.**

Stacks of shoes have been one of women's most popular obsessions. There are all kinds of shoes for all kinds of special occasions - and there are so many special occasions! The process of creating this shoe-filled environment was

itself obsessive. I collected hundreds of shoes and painted or treated each shoe individually. For example, a pair of spike heels is decorated with real spikes, driven all around the bottom of the shoe.

(Womanhouse catalogue)



### Linen Closet?

**Sandy Orgel**

As one woman visitor to my room commented, "This is exactly where women have always been - in between the sheets and on the shelf". It is time now to come out of the closet." (Womanhouse catalogue)

patronising gender orientated description. For example when a woman uses fabric she is accused of being 'domestic', of working at an interesting 'craft'; a man, on the other hand, using the same material, is complimented for his enterprising use of new materials and for restoring 'craft' to 'art'. This is well expressed in a letter by Brenda Millar in the April issue of *Art Forum*. But surely "gender orientated" description needn't be negative. Even though most of the women have had a male dominated education some people have suggested that the women's shows revealed a common factor amongst the participants. For example a tendency to use curved lines or to make a centralised focus in their work.

RG No sooner has one pointed out a particularly 'female' trait in a woman artist than one finds numerous males working with similar media and sensibility. Most of the shows one sees are all male shows but these are seldom covered as particular manifestations of male art of the time, nor is the symbolism and medium discussed as being essentially 'masculine'.

I think these arguments avoid the real issue which is the history of sexism working against female culture and suppressing historical evidence of female achievement. How many students have heard of the seventeenth century artist Artemisia Gentileschi (see Spare Rib no.10) or know about the Women's Building designed by a female architect at the Chicago Worlds Fair of 1893. It contained murals by Mary Cassatt as well as material submitted by Queen Victoria. Numerous art schools in the States are being forced to reckon with female 'herstory' in art by setting up feminist programmes to consider the 'other culture'.

Did you see any changes during your second trip to New York last April

RG I felt something of the frustration of many of the women who had been active for some time yet were still not being given consideration and support by the main galleries, although there was a lot of fine work by women on view in New York. They have set up a co-operative gallery, known as AIR, which has become a centre for video shows, performances and debate.

So far you have only mentioned New York, what about the artists on the West coast who organised the successful conference on women in the arts last year

RG The Los Angeles women are working in a very different ▶



context and are actually creating a forceful art community on the West coast which, during the sixties, was a small, white, male one. I think they are less institution orientated since the gallery and museum structure is less developed and traditional in California.

*That's true, but we mustn't forget the women who threatened the Los Angeles County Museum with a*

*civil rights suit, pointing out that during the last decade out of 713 artists whose work appeared in group shows only 29 were women. RG The West Coast is also 'culturally' different from the East, and I believe that the cliched post-fifties bronzed Californian lads have produced a very different feminist movement there. The documentation speaks for itself. R.P.*

## PUBLICATIONS

### Feminist Art Journal

*Edited by Cindy Nemser, Patricia Mainardi and Pat Moss from 41 Montgomery Place, Brooklyn N.Y. 11215.*

"The Feminist Art Journal is here to carry women artists' voices throughout the world. Our aim is to enhance the status of women in all the arts by publishing articles on their past history and on their current history making activities. With this goal in mind, we will encourage women artists of all persuasions to discuss and illustrate their work. We shall also expose and discredit all personage and institutions which exploit or discriminate against

women artists" (extract from Editorial April 72)

### W.E.B. Newsletter

*W.E.B. is a network, with representatives in large towns throughout the country, to inform women art groups of each others activities*

### Womanspace bulletin

*In January 73 a woman's art centre opened in Los Angeles enabling women artists to meet together, hold events, exhibitions and workshops. A bi-monthly bulletin is produced from the centre at 11007 Venice Blvd Los Angeles, and a woman's slide registry is being built up. There is already a women's slide registry in New York with work from over a thousand artists.*



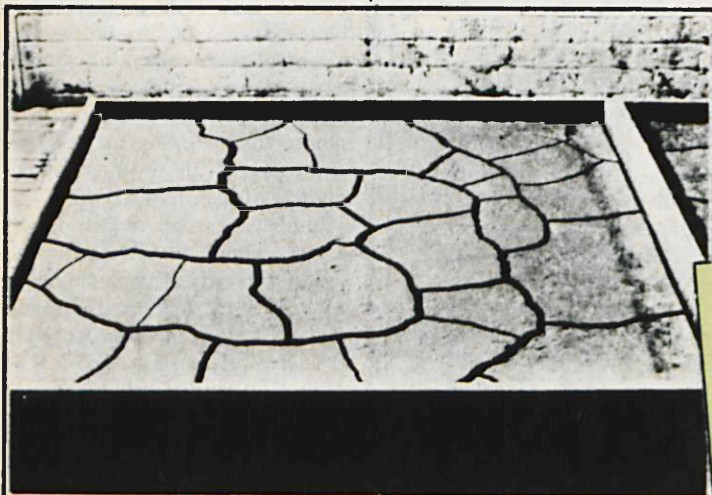
**Feminist Studio Workshop**  
14120 Van Nuys Boulevard  
Pacoima, California 91331



### Feminist Studio Workshop

*Formed by three women who had all started feminist programmes within predominantly male institutions and found the situation too full of contradiction. "The Feminist Studio Workshop is an experimental programme in*

*female education in the arts. Our purpose is to develop a new concept of art, a new kind of artist and a new art community built from the lives, feelings and needs of women."* (Judy Chicago, Arlene Raven, Sheila de Bretteville)



**A Clay Slab by Alice Aycock, one of the participants in the show.**

### Rip Off File

*The Ad Hoc Committee of Women Artists asked 800 women in the arts to send them reports of sexism in the art world and art schools. The replies were assembled*

*in the newsheet called Rip-Off File; a hair raising expose of sexist attitudes and behavior. The following is one of the letters included in the file.*

THE COLORADO COLLEGE  
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO 80903  
March 14, 1968

Mrs. Rosemary Jasnowski [Rosemary Wright]  
1520 N. Nevada Avenue  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Dear Mrs. Jasnowski:

We have made an offer to Mr. John Edwards to fill the position in sculpture and basic design at the college. I want to apologize for keeping you in some suspense during the process of recruiting for this position and to thank you for your cooperation and patience. Although I think of academic interest only to you now, I should like to assure you that you were one of the four leading candidates for the position and both your work and your personal qualities are extremely impressive. There is no question but that you are fully qualified and would have done a superior job in the opening. I don't know how much of a factor this was but it may well be that we simply did not have the nerve to add another woman to the art department faculty and thus bring the departmental balance to half male and half female.

I very much hope that we will be able to see you and your husband frequently during your stay in this area.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

*Bernard Arnest*  
Bernard Arnest  
Chairman, Department of Art

BA:mr

Editor's Note: notice married, not professional, name used



## DONT JUST SIT THERE, SAY SOMETHING.

*The London Women's Film Group explain where and how to obtain womens' films for your own viewing.*

Currently an increasing number of films are being made by women about women's issues. These present certain distribution problems, as do all political films. Consequently we are in the process of setting up our own distribution service.

The experience of seeing a film is usually a very isolated one - we go to the cinema, sit in the dark for 3 hours and then go home. There is no opportunity to discuss the film and it is soon forgotten.

We would like our films to be used as part of an ongoing process of discussion and action; for this reason we do not want them to be shown in the same context as commercial movies. We aim to send out a speaker with the films and believe that all showings should be followed by a discussion on the issues raised by the films.

At the moment we are distributing short films, either as a complete programme or individually.

The following films are all available now.

### **WOMEN OF THE RHONDDA (20 minutes) 1971**

*filmed collectively by Mary Capps, Mary Kelly, Margaret Dickinson, Esther Ronay, Brigid Segrave and Humphrey Trevelyan*

The group went to the Rhondda Valley in Wales and found four women who had lived through the epic strikes of the twenties and thirties. From their recollections comes a film which provides a vivid, moving insight into the recent history of a mining area. A history viewed for the first time through the eyes of the women involved.

The miners were out for nine months during the General Strike. One woman interviewed can still sing the strikers' songs, and recalls watching the men marching over the district with jazz bands. But she paints quite a different picture of the women's lives during the hot summer of 1926. "It was my mother in the home who suffered much more than the men - my brothers ended up the strike very, very sunburnt whilst my mother was worn out."

They describe in matter-of-fact tones the death of sons in the

mines, their constant struggle to make ends meet and the endless hard work they faced in the home. "And I can well remember when we compare what we have to do today compared to those days: iron say 24 shirts for my brothers, and shirts in those days were hard, they were starched, real starched shirts. And mother used to inspect every one I did - look at it on the clothes horse to see there wasn't a crease in it.

Esther Ronay who edited the film, intercut pictures of housework with shots of miners emerging from the pits to emphasise the productive nature of women's work in the home. Revealing the miners' dependence on their wives' efforts at home, she makes a silent but pointed reference to the current discussion on the demand for wages for housework.

Mrs. Davies had no doubt about her status as a girl in the home: "one realises that not only were we slaves because we were in a miner's home, but also because my father and brothers were miners. We were slaves because they were slaves to the mine owners."

None of the women had been contented to stay and work at home. Miss Boxall expressed the relief she had felt at escaping to work in an armaments factory - "I thoroughly enjoyed it despite the work." All of them had unfulfilled ambitions: Mrs Davey would like to have been a seamstress, Mrs Adams a vet, and Miss Boxall a teacher. Only Mrs. Davies had partially realised her aims by becoming a health visitor.

Throughout the film the makers managed to avoid presenting the fireside reminiscences in a sentimental or artificial light. The women's view of their own past puts an end to any romantic view we may have had of the coalfields. **R.P.**

### **MISS/MRS (6 minutes)**

This film explores various images of women - from the strip dancer, to the bride, to the over-burdened housewife. Through juxtaposition of images and music it highlights the contradiction between the stereo-type we are all supposed to aspire to and the actual reality of women's lives.

### **SERVE AND OBEY (3 minutes)**

Here school girls discuss the irrelevance of their education and how it differs from education boys receive.



*Mrs Davies*



*Mrs Adams*

*Still from Betteshanger, Kent 72*



### **BETTESHANGER, KENT, 72 (12 minutes)**

This is about a miner's wife active in organising women in a Kent mining village to support the successful miners' strike last year. A newspaper was started called "United Women" with the intention of eventually circulating it amongst wives of workers from other industries who would also write for it. The film raises such questions as Equal Pay, housework and the lack of nursery and other

facilities.

The films (all 16mm black and white) can be obtained by writing to The London Women's Film Group, 7/9 Earlham Street, London WC2. Standard rates will be charged to colleges, institutions etc., and women's groups will be asked to pay for carriage, speakers' fares and what they can afford towards the cost of replacing prints. All money will be fed back into the film group to help finance current productions.



**Sally Alexander  
Born to Struggle  
May Hobbs  
Quartet, midway £1.25**

May Hobbs is the only working class, woman militant who is well known outside her workplace or the women's movement. She was born in Hoxton, a tightly knit self-contained community in the East End. During the war she was carted from pillar to post, she had three mothers - two foster and one biological. Though her life was typical of all those born into 'under-privileged' or 'deprived' homes, May was special in that she did not become submerged in the struggle 'to make ends meet'. Ten years ago May began organising the nightcleaners into a union as the first step towards improving their low pay and casual status. Since then she has been black listed and herself and her children threatened with physical violence by the cleaning contractors. In 1970 she formed the Cleaners Action Group with women in the Women's Liberation movement, and since then has been working full time publicising the union to the cleaners and their case to the general public. Now the cleaners have won their own branch within the Transport and General Workers Union - no small feat since unions are notoriously reluctant to recruit women workers, especially those whose work is as casual, isolated and vulnerable to employers' intimidation as the nightcleaners.

If you ask May about her autobiography she says that it's an attempt to describe how someone from the East End became a political militant. The story is told with a lot of humour and without a trace of self pity. The main emphasis is not on May's psychological development but on the community of Hoxton itself. In her preface May protests against those middle class observers whose descriptions of the East End imply that life was always romantic and jolly. But in spite of her protestations *Born to Struggle* does little to dispel this particular myth. Life in Hoxton in the

late 1940's may not have been romantic but it was certainly a hell of a lot livelier than the respectable tedium of the stockbroker belt or petit bourgeois suburbia. . . In this community any stranger walking through the streets was assumed to be the law. State institutions scarcely impinged on people's lives. There was little distinction between whether your occupation was 'dodgy' or 'honest'. The important thing was to make a living at all, and anyway nearly everyone was on the fiddle, as the stories hilariously and painstakingly reveal. "If you saw someone walking up the street with a television set in his arms, 'Oh yes,' you might say but you would never ask him where he got it."

Women were confined to the traditional roles. May pays a tribute to working class mums in her preface, but aside from a few of her own mates, and a couple of stunning 'hoisters' (shop lifters to the uninitiated), women aren't much in evidence. Hoxton society wasn't 'liberated' - few kids were told the truth about how babies were made: when May began to have periods, she was told she had cut her leg. Everyone got married. A strange mixture of puritanism and ignorance seemed to have prevailed in sexual relations.

May's book is not a political tract, though it is written with an aggressive class and community consciousness. Practically all outsiders are the enemy. As May argues, there is not much to choose between the bureaucrats who destroy working class communities on the pretext of doing what is best for the people, and the straight capitalists who work you to death in a monotonous job. For a community like Hoxton, threatened on all sides - by the law property developers, dogooders etc - May asks only the right to be left alone. Until society is transformed in the interests of all working people, May seems to imply, we should neither moralise nor attempt to reform those who are only struggling to survive. After all they do far less harm to society than big businessmen and their legalised crime.

**Ellie Sampson:  
The Illustrated  
Hassle-Free Make Your  
Own Clothes Book  
Sharon Rosenberg and  
Joan Wiener  
Studio Vista 95p**

This original and practical book should be appreciated by all those who like to make their own clothes, but are put off by the mystique which still surrounds dressmaking. It has plenty of sketches, though these lack detail and are rather inexplicit. The book is full of good ideas for cheering up existing garments, copying old favourites and using up fabric from past attempts to make soft toys or cushions. Even the experienced dress-maker could learn from the many short-cuts.

The authors are a little optimistic in their expectations of their readers' ability and over-simplify many processes. The book is geared to a look which has minority appeal, but those who like it will find plenty of ideas and reassurance.

**Rose Ades:  
My People Shall Live  
Leila Khaled  
Hodder and Stoughton  
£2.50**

The hijack attempt over London on September 6, 1970 was no ordinary affair. A sultry Palestinian brunette was the star attraction in the British press the next day and on and off for the next twenty three during her stay at Ealing police station. Leila Khaled, though, was not just a glamorous sidekick. The year before she had commanded a very successful hijack on a TWA Boeing, forcing the Israeli control tower at Lydda (Lod) to address the plane as 'Popular Front, Free Arab Palestine' which is recounted with great excitement and emotion.

Hijacking is peripheral to the main theme of *My People Shall Live*. The book is not a hijacker's manual, nor a tract on the glorification of violence. It is an attempt to explain why many Palestinians feel that they are forced to

act violently 'in order to blow the wax out of the ears of the deaf Western liberals and to remove the straw from their vision', and how she, a woman, came to be active in the revolutionary Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

At the age of four, she left Haifa with her family; bombs were exploding everywhere, people were dying in the streets: the UN had decided to partition Palestine. The Khaled family were comparatively lucky, they had relatives at Sour, in Lebanon. When Leila was nine she looked upon herself as the brightest in her class and in her family, but her self assurance was undermined by Samirah, a little girl from the refugee camps, which she regarded as the 'scum of the earth'. She visited Samirah's camp, 'I saw misery, hunger, and humiliation . . . the maimed, the diseased, the broken hearted. . . ' Rapidly she became involved politically. One night in 1959, already a fully fledged member of the Arab Nationalist Movement, Leila went to a political meeting dressed in her pyjamas. 'I was blasted for unwomanly behaviour, . . . My appearance was seen as sex-enticing'. These politically formative incidents are very simply and compellingly told; Leila comes alive as a woman with both guts and sensitivity. Yet there is one thing that may undermine the ability of this book to redress the Middle Eastern balance. It was put together by a certain George Hajjar, whom neither the publisher nor anyone else seems to know much about, using material from five days conversation with Leila Khaled, news clippings and her notes. I don't think this invalidates the book or makes it merely a propaganda piece, but it does give some credence to those critics who see her as nothing more than a manipulated figurehead.

Still, what comes over very strongly is the impotence of the Palestinians. Let down by their leaders ever since the days of the Mandate, the Palestinians are viewed as an embarrassment by the Arab and Israeli governments. There is the 'wish they would just go away, and disappear' attitude prevailing whenever the Palestinians force their presence on the world. In the midst of this quagmire, it seems somehow inevitable that Leila Khaled is only able to tell her story because she has brought a touch of glamour to an essentially violent and grim situation.

**May Hobbs**





**Lucy Mackeith:**  
**This New Season, Our**  
**Class, Our Schools, Our**  
**World**  
**Chris Searle**  
**Calder and Boyers 85p**

Chris Searle writes 'more as an editor and commentator than critic, with the feeling that as many times as possible the words of the children shall speak for themselves.'

He used this approach in writing about black children (in *The Forsaken Lover*) and he uses it again in examining the position of working class children in this book.

The preface outlines the idea that we live in an anti-culture of men who disbelieve in each other and . . . have no faith in working together and deciding together'. In contrast his basic commitment is to democracy and the necessity for teachers to stop teaching stoicism and acceptance of the status quo and to start educating.

This is very much a book for practising teachers. It rings uncomfortably true on the anecdotal level and in the children's poems.

"Laugh at his jokes  
 Not at your own  
 I do not like him  
 He does not like me  
 We are both even  
 Except he has a belt  
 That is my teacher"

Billy 14

It is good to have an account of the events which led to the publication of the children's poems in Stepney Words and Chris Searle was sacked by the board of governors for 'flagrant disobedience'. He sees this as illustrating the problem of education as the problem of politics since schools are part of the hierarchy of social control and his approach to teaching threatens this hierarchy.

He criticises the arrogance of schools/teachers who blame social and specifically family influences, for creating 'problem' children, and says that schools should align themselves with the interests of the community in which they exist, and quotes the Scotland Road Free School in Liverpool:

'We're concerned about all the people here picking themselves up and saying No, and getting them involved in their own area - the planning of their own area, and making it a place that is worth living in.'

He exposes the pleasant middle class ethos in schools which often denies the children's experience and alienates them from their environment stopping them discovering and preserving their own identity.

The strength of the book lies in the synthesis of a vivid picture of children in schools and a political framework which leads him to indicate a positive line of action. The sense of individuals in his descriptions of specific children and the poems he quotes is also shown in Robert McCormick's photographs. One really sums up the feeling which comes through in the book. It shows the children's strike at the time Chris Searle was sacked. You can't read all the words on the poster, but you can pick out 'Creating . . . Love'. It sounds merely sentimental but I think that this positive involvement of people learning to understand their own situation

clearly and acting positively is what education should be about.

**Nicky Hughes:**  
**Playleadership**  
**Bernard S. McGovern**  
**Faber £3.95**

Bernard S. McGovern is Games Organizer for the London Borough of Lewisham - and it shows.

The word 'playleadership' today denotes working directly with children of all ages - be it in playgroups, playcentres, clubs, playparks or adventure playgrounds. It covers every type of play; from the formal and structured (where the child fits into the sorts of activities available); to the basically unstructured (where the child develops interests of its own).

In this book, McGovern has unwittingly narrowed and made barren the whole concept of playleadership by discussing it almost exclusively from the organising point of view. We are treated to mammoth sections on recruitment of staff, training courses available, the sort of contacts within a local council which might be useful, competition, a detailed programme of activities . . . to name but a few. Blithely the book skims along, giving notes here about voluntary associations and tips there about what a well-stocked first-aid kit ought to contain, that we might be forgiven for forgetting that the point of organising any scheme is to work with the children.

So don't be misled into thinking that there might, as a balance, be some discussion of the problems of actually relating to children, particularly children in urban areas. We are not allowed to get near them and on the rare occasions that they are mentioned they remain shadowy and insubstantial. The whole flavour of the book is peculiarly old-fashioned. Although McGovern tried hard to keep in touch

he is uneasy writing about present trends.

There is a small section on the 'influence of music' where he states naively that he knows there must be a reason for pop music being played so loud but he is 'not really sure what it is'. He includes too a section on drugs which quotes extensively from another book 'Drugs in Your Town' and is little more than a classification of the various drugs and their effects. He offers a cursory glance at adventure playgrounds, playgroups, and playclubs (now more commonly called One O'clock Clubs). But these sections sit unhappily next to the other chapters and the overwhelming impression left by the book is that it has been written by a man whose concepts and opinions are firmly rooted twenty years back.

If you are interested in being some sort of games organiser then this book might be useful; if you're not, leave your £3.95p in your pocket and go and visit your local playschemes to see how they are organised and run. You'll learn more.

**Jim Anderson:**  
**Out of the closets -**  
**Voices of Gay**  
**Liberation.**  
**Edited by Karla Jay**  
**and Allen Young.**  
**Douglas Books \$3.95**

My gay political consciousness has been in abeyance for some time. I have been spending mindless days drinking in the Boltons and wandering around Earls Court, which, I keep getting told with great enthusiasm, gets more like the New York gay scene every week. It's good to be surrounded by that distinctively gay life style for a while, but the bigger and better ghetto mentality, based as it

is on an ignorance of the true nature of oppression produced by sexism, is eventually a killer. So, I was delighted to be given a copy of *Out of the Closets*, which took me back to the frothy days of GLF in 1971. Usually, anthologies of any sort are indigestible at a sitting but now, alone, fading and unemployable since the demise of Oz, I found I read all 403 pages of the book with more than just nostalgia for things past. All the material is American, which is to the good, as anything written in England is but a pale shadow, and most of it revealing a gay consciousness of high political sophistication and awareness, proving beyond doubt that the Stonewall Inn Raid in June 1969 was the beginning of something exciting and extraordinary which has not yet, unfortunately, fully penetrated to the upstairs room at the Boltons.

It's hard to pick out what is best in the nine sections of the book. I suggest that gay readers flick through and select those passages which reflect best the sorry state of their own personal/political consciousness. I found myself thrilling again to Carl Whittman's *Gay Manifesto* and Konstantin Berlandt's 'My Soul Vanished From Sight - A California Saga of Gay Liberation', which Cozmic Comics should use as the basis for the first gay comic book. The raunchy stuff seems to be mostly at the beginning. The interview with Marcia Johnson of STAR (Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries) is straight out of *Last Exit for Brooklyn* - 'My nerves have been very bad lately, and I've been trying to get myself back together since my husband died in March . . . he was on drugs. He went out to get some money to buy drugs and he got shot. He died on 2nd Street and First Avenue. I was home sleeping and somebody came and knocked at the door and told me. And I was so upset that I just didn't know what to do. And right after he died, the dog died, and the lesbian that was staying there was nice enough to pick the dog up out of the street for me. So I've just had bad nerves. I've been going to the doctor left and right. And then to get arrested for prostitution was just the tops.' Get it together Marcia. The toughest writing comes later from the Radicalesbians and the Gay Revolution Party Women's Caucus, who make demands on straight women which go far beyond anything written by male homosexuals. Read and be slightly scarified. They coin a couple of intriguing words as well - 'realesbians' (masturbating movement women who have achieved complete autonomy from men and have sensual relations with their sisters, thus achieving, in the only way possible, the full erotic potential of the female) and 'politicalesbians' who are despised straight women who have stopped relating to men in a fairly comprehensive way, but don't have sensual relations with their sisters. Fasten your safety belts, Spare Rib, it's gonna be a bumpy ride.

There are some moving essays on Cuba. People like Allen Young and members of the Venceremos Brigade chart their experiences and disillusionment with Castro's brilliant but sexist revolution which has denounced homosexuality as 'social pathology' and part of US cultural



photo from *This New Season: Our Class, Our Schools, Our World*



## Marion Fudger: More on the music industry Drugs: the new bribe

*Scandals in the music business, being occupational hazards usually pass unnoticed by those outside the industry. However, whilst public interest, stimulated by the press investigations, continues over the BBC payola, the limelight is transferred to shady happenings within the CBS music empire in America.*

Early in June, Clive Davis president of Columbia Records was sacked. CBS alleged that Davis, who received \$350,000 salary p.a., misappropriated \$94,000 of the company's money to pay for his son's barmitzvah, renovate his New York home and rent a house in Beverly Hills. Other 'substantial sums of money' are believed to be involved. On April 10, David Wynshaw, Davis's right hand man was also instantly dismissed, seemingly for knowing Columbia artist's manager Pasquale Falcone too well. Falcone, member of the late Vito Genovese's Mafia family, was charged in February along with others on twenty six counts of 'violations of Federal narcotics laws and conspiring to import and distribute heroin in the US'. He is also believed to have set up bogus car hire and travel companies through which money was channelled from record companies in return for non-existent services. False invoices were submitted by the companies, which were then used as tax deductible expenses. Though neither Davis nor Wynshaw have been accused of any direct involvement with payola or drugs, instant dismissal on such a high level, merely for fiddling expenses, is not usual practice. CBS have employed a reputable New York law firm to look into 'current rumours of other irregularities'. For some time the FBI and other authorities have been quietly investigating payola allegations within the music industry, charges are expected in the near future. Much evidence has been produced; for instance, record companies offer bribes of cocaine and other drugs to disc jockeys at radio stations within black communities to push records by black artists. CBS have denied Wynshaw's evidence to a Grand Jury inquiry stating that Columbia spend more than \$250,000 a year on payola to black stations. It seems that drugs have out dated the old bribes of free holidays and sex.

The investigations have discovered other forms of payola: the DJ's receive plane tickets bought on record company expenses which they exchange for cash, vast quantities of free records which they sell to record shops, they may walk into certain tailors shops and order up to five suits at one time and send the bill to the record company and so it goes on . . . This of course, is only the tip of the iceberg and though more facts may emerge, it is doubtful that we will ever know the true depth of corruption within the industry.

## Where are you now my Son?

Joan Baez  
A & M Records

There are watchers and doers in this world, Joan Baez has been a doer since 1959, her first major concert. Her

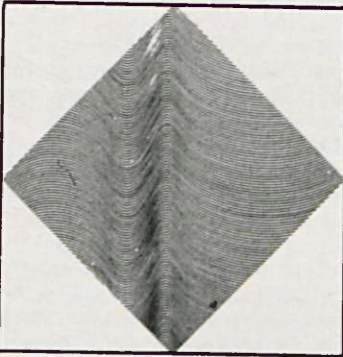


consciousness has developed along with her reputation. Watchers have criticised, but the fact that she devotes her energy and activities to promoting the cause of peace is indisputable. On side one of her new LP there are seven beautifully played songs, two written by her sister Mimi Farina. Joan Baez says: 'Side two of this album, "Where are you now my son?", is a ballad written, spoken and sung by myself about the eleven days of bombing I experienced in Hanoi, Vietnam, over the Christmas of 1972. Interspersed with and superimposed upon it are sounds recorded on my portable tape machine - children laughing, sirens blaring, bombs falling, women singing

- some moments shared inside our hotel bomb shelter with Indians, Poles, Cubans, French, Vietnamese - a matter-of-fact discussion about fear and death with Monti, a Cuban sailor whose ship was stuck in the mined Haiphong harbour - a dazing segment of the press conference of six American pilots shot down during the first night of bombing - a service that Episcopal minister Mike Allan and I gave Christmas Eve in our Hotel lobby which was interrupted by a bomb blast and then a raid . . . There were over sixty bombing raids in eleven days, in what turned out to be the heaviest bombing in the history of the world. The war in Indochina is not yet over, and the war against violence has barely begun'. A moving documentary.

## Virgin Records

Virgin records began in 1970 by placing small mail order ads for discount



records in the music press. By 1971 they had a shop in Oxford Street, studios, and hopes for an independent record company, two years later there are fourteen shops across Britain and the first four releases on their own label. Two of these are 'Tubular Bells' and 'The Faust Tapes'.

*'Tubular Bells' Mike Oldfield*  
How often do you hear an LP by someone completely unknown to you and from beginning to end really enjoy it? Tubular Bells is one of those rare experiences. Mike Oldfield plays a list of instruments too numerable to mention, varying from glockenspiel and grand piano, to guitars sounding like bagpipes and mandolins, not forgetting

the tubular bells. Master of Ceremonies is ex-Bonzo Dog Viv Stanshall. All throaty ejaculations are credited to the Piltown Man. Both sides are uninterrupted and skillfully executed - but impossible to describe: for instance, I'm sure you'd get the wrong end of the stick knowing that the last track, side two, is 'The sailors hornpipe'. The answer is to hear it. The wide range of interwoven music is quite remarkable. On ferretting out where Mike Oldfield suddenly sprung from, the story goes, he started in a folk duo with his sister at fourteen, progressed through bands and session work to fulfil his old hope of recording him. All's well that ends well.

## The Faust Tapes. Faust.

Faust are five German explorers, discovering via sound collages, new ideas in the sound medium. Different again from the routes which Zappa and Floyd took, but exciting, and at times moving. At one point there's rapid-fire vocals, the word sounds like Jed McGruder, but I'm sure it's not. The success of their experiments is due to their individual talent and their flexible but organised structure. The LP is, as the title suggests, a collection of tapes. They are rehearsal recordings which were never intended for release, continuous, spontaneous, with no post production or dubbing. This is an introduction to Faust - (though they've made two previous albums) priced at 48p.

## Messin' Manfred Mann's Earth Band Vertigo

I'll admit that Manfred Mann's Earth Band should not be prescribed for people with headaches, but there's no other excuse for lack of interest in them. That's not to say that this new LP is the most brilliant example of their music, but the basic, heavy rock sound which Manfred Mann has perfected since 'Pretty Flamingo' days is all there. Really cuts through the inhibitions and instinctively makes your body want to dance and dance. If that sounds over enthusiastic, try and sit through the ecology comment title track Messin', or 'Get your rocks off' or 'Black and Blue', about an English convict imprisoned in Australia at the turn of the century. You must have seen that nauseating, sexist advertisement for cigars on TV - with a partially clad female rolling in the surf, well if you control your rage, close your eyes and listen, the music is Manfred Mann - if you like that you're bound to like this LP and of course their previous two, 'Glorified Magnified' and 'Manfred Mann's Earth Band'.



# LI SHUANGSHUANG.

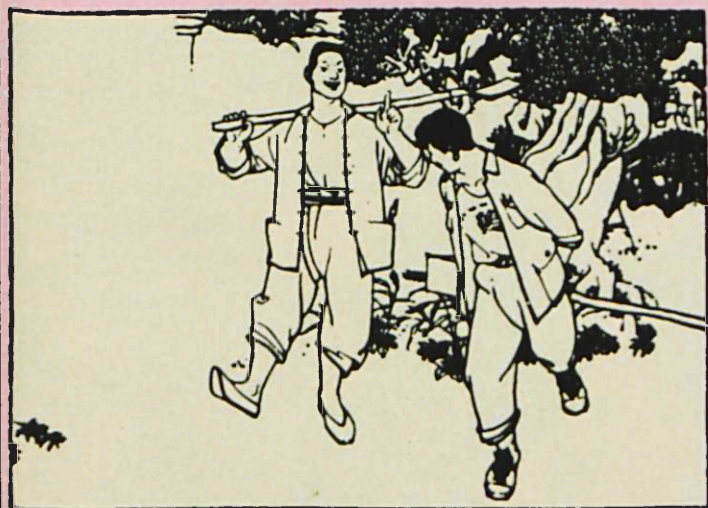
*A comic about the position of women in the Chinese commune.*



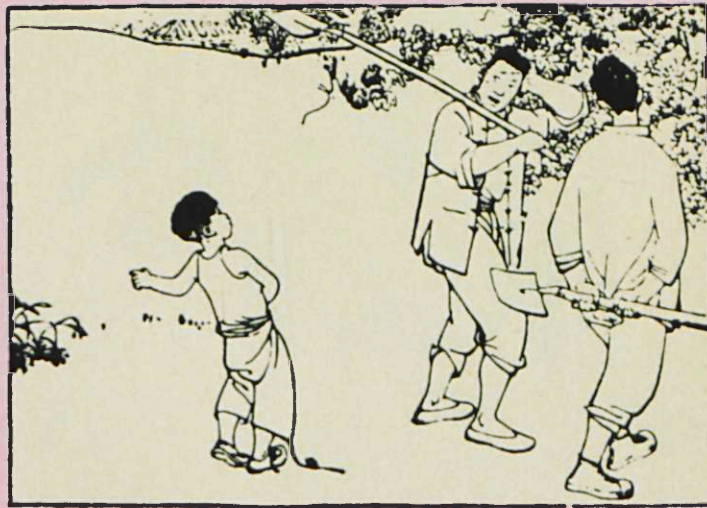
1. Sun Xiwang was well known in the village as a good fellow; he had never caused anyone any embarrassment and everyone said he was a regular guy. On this day he was returning from the reservoir work site with Er Chun and some others and boasting about his old woman as they walked along.



2. Er Chun kidded him, "Elder Brother Xiwang, everybody knows your wife waits on you hand and foot!" Xiwang replied in a self-satisfied tone, "While the commune has been so busy repairing the irrigation works, I've worn out all my old shoes, but as soon as one pair wears out, she's already made a new pair. And there's nothing special about that. My wife and I have always been like that. I'm not joking."



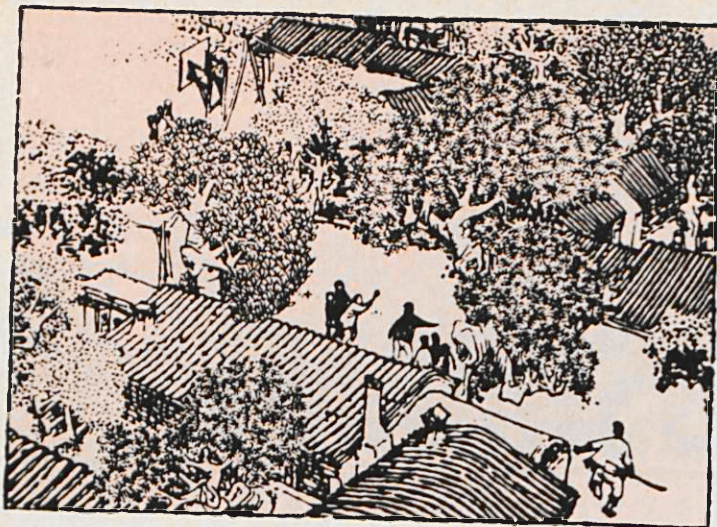
3. Er Chun quickly said, "That shows how capable your wife is and is nothing for you to boast about." Xiwang shook his head, "What do you understand? If a man can't get his wife to do what he wants, what sort of a fellow is that?" Er Chun snorted, "That's feudal thinking, it's no good!"



4. As they were talking, a child suddenly came dashing up and shouted, "Uncle Xiwang, your wife is having a shouting match with Sun Youpo in the street!"

*continued* ▶





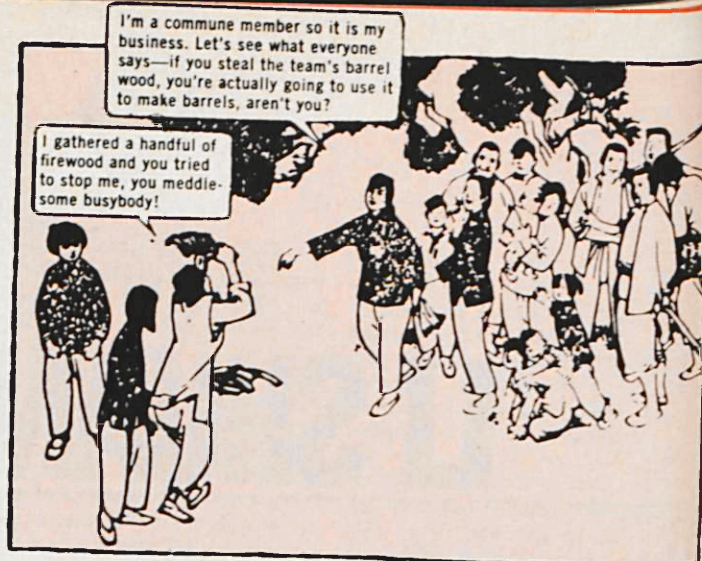
5. "Huh," sighed Xiwang as he left Er Chun and ran off toward the village street.



7. Xiwang broke into the group and tugged at Shuangshuang. "Enough said, stop getting on the bad side of people! Let's go home." Shuangshuang paid no attention but pointing at Sun Youpo continued to expose her, and the more she spoke, the more furious she became.



9. Shuangshuang wanted to go after her but Xiwang firmly held her back. "That's enough out of you. There aren't all that many pieces of barrel wood here!" Shuangshuang angrily replied, "That may sound reasonable, but if everyone stole like her, there would not be enough to go around."



6. There was a crowd of people gathered on the street. Sun Youpo was shouting and gesticulating and Li Shuangshuang, holding back her anger, was asking in an accusing tone why she wanted to steal the team's barrel wood.



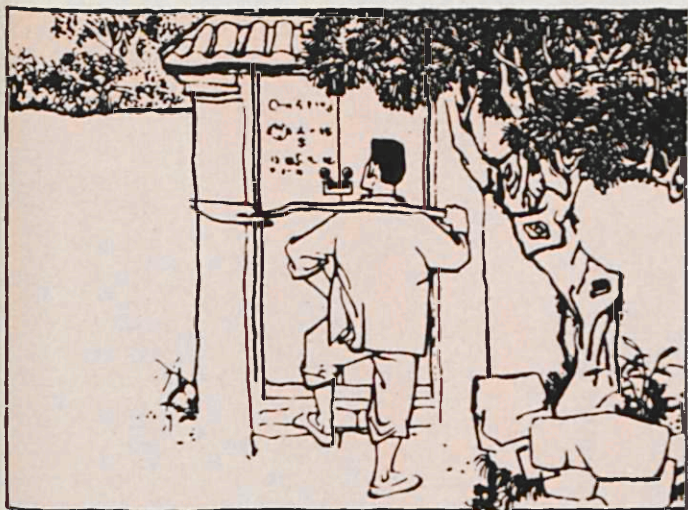
8. Sun Youpo was fairly hopping with rage and shouting, when by good fortune her husband Sun You came by and dragged his better half away. As she left, Sun Youpo continued to curse Li Shuangshuang over her shoulder.



10. So saying, she gathered up the barrel slats and hurried off to the carpenter's team.



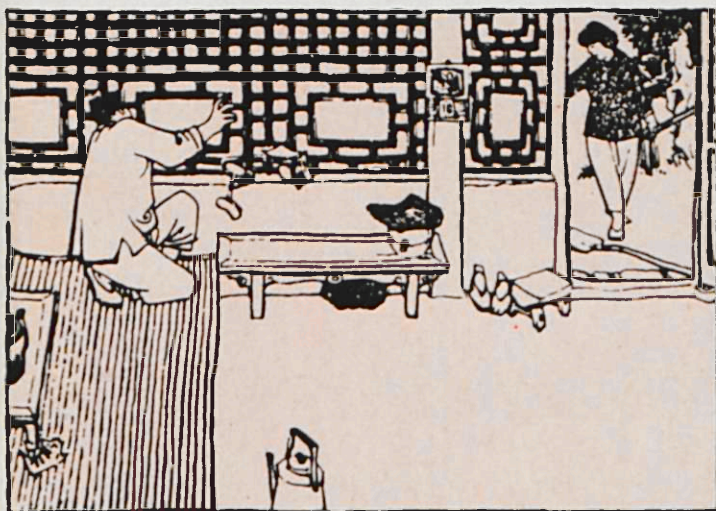




11. Xiwang quickly went back home. The door was padlocked and there were several sentences chalked up on it: "Key is in usual place. Xiao Ju is at her auntie's home. When you get back, first light the fire."



12. As soon as Xiwang saw the words "When you get back, first light the fire," he felt even more angry. He immediately ripped down the penciled note, took the key from the window ledge, opened the door, and stormed into the room, going straight over to lie down on the kang.



13. It was already noon and still Shuangshuang had not returned. Xiwang was very hungry and was just thinking of getting up when he heard someone at the door and Shuangshuang came in, leading their daughter Xiao Ju.

*More next month. The People's comic - published by Doubleday & translated by Frances Frenaye*

*continued from page 44*

imperialism. The official Cuban attitude is crass and based on a profound ignorance, but it is, after all, only a magnification of the views of an overwhelming majority of so-called Marxists, socialists or revolutionaries who cannot stomach the political views of the gay feminist revolution. As Allen Young points out, if Cuba cannot come to terms with its sexism, then its revolutionary process will slow down and eventually be destroyed in the way that the Russian Revolution was destroyed by Stalinism. There can be no separation of personal and political revolt.

Gay People and the Professionals, a section on the psychiatric establishment is one of the most entertaining. On the whole, psychiatry brings out the best in outrage from gay writers, and I read through Christopher Z. Hobson's *Surviving Therapy* with something like total self identification. For example: 'My fear and dislike of women, which my therapists and I had spent much time discussing, began to change, as I saw - from the movement, not from the therapists - that I was *not* expected (any longer) to relate to women primarily sexually,

something I had always felt unable to do. Simultaneously I began seeing women and myself as human beings.'

Conflicts about homosexuality 'indicated a very strong socially conditioned rejection of being gay, combined with certain patterns - such as the tendency to be attracted to straight men - which were related to the inability to think of myself as gay and which created impossible (and unnecessary) conflicts between my sexual impulses and my need for ordinary friendship.'

So, an important and fascinating book, one which has charged me with a desire to once more become actively involved in the movement as a gay person. Gay Liberation is on the move again in London, I find, with general meetings taking place after a long absence. If you are gay, you should certainly study this book. There's a slightly out of date international directory of gay organisations in the back as well. I suppose it's too much to expect the non-gay to lacerate themselves through the pungent verbal attacks made on them from beginning to end. Remember, human does not mean heterosexual■







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